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International Historical and Poetical Works

Second Edition

1917



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PATRICK RUN, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL HISTORICAL and POETICAL WORKS

OF

Dr. ROBERT WILSON BLAKESLEE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION



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"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."
And to her shall I dedicate this work?
Indeed!



MRS. JENNIE JUNE BLAKESLEE

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MOTTOES

"Honesty is the best policy."

Life has many a care, but I can easily carry my share.

Charms strike the sight and merit wins the soul.

THE DOCTOR

THERE is a doctor in our town
Who's won a just and loyal crown;
He's busy always, night and day,
Prescribes he only for the pay;
And patients gathered by the score,
Are waiting round his office door.

The doctor, fair as one can be,
Perhaps has gone his mines to see,
Or where his farms of golden wheat
Attract his eye, so fair to meet;
And all the patients as before
Still waiting round his office door.



BIRTH OF CHRIST

CHRISTMAS

'TIS Christmas Morn, our little ones,
We want you all to know,
The story of a New Born Babe,
For we all love Him so.

Some nineteen hundred years ago
A God that is Divine
Did send to earth His only Son
That he might save mankind.

This Heavenly stranger came by night
With horned ox to dwell,
That He might save a fallen race
From awful fate called Hell.

In Bethlehem this Babe was placed
Upon a couch of hay,
For Joseph and his wife had found
There was no other way.

To Bethlehem in Palestine
The shepherds took one day,
The message they were given by
An angel near the way.

Glad tidings now on earth are given,
Peace and Good Will to man,
For thus it was the angels spoke,
The Lord is in command.

Dear little ones be patient now,
Remember what I say,
That sweet little baby, Jesus Christ,
Was born on Christmas Day.

So let the Christmas bells ring loud,
Our Saviour's face appear,
And let us strive to live aright
Throughout the coming year.

To manhood soon this child had grown,
In Bethany He dwelt:
Mt. Olive's grassy slopes He viewed,
'Twas there our sins He felt.

He many years the people taught,
And also raised the dead,
Five thousand people He did feed
Two fish, five loaves of bread.

His teachings now we all should know;
The Bible truly read,
The Ten Commandments Moses got
The people all must heed.

Now when this Christmas Day has passed,
Ere we shall seek repose,
May each one pray to God who gave
Us knowledge of His woes.

So let the Christmas bells ring loud,
Our voices swell with glee,
In reverence for that little Babe
Who died on Calvary.



From painting by Fred Pansing

THE COLUMBUS FLEET LED BY THE SANTA MARIA—1492

CLASSES

Class 1

OH, the world is full of people,
There're four classes we are told,
Is the way the author started
This short version to unfold.

Dim the flickering Light through ages,
Led by dainty hands so fair,
Gently pressed the curtain backward,
Decked with jewels rich and rare.

Through the ages, Sages governed,
Little did this Light progress;
Briefly landed with its burden,
On the Spanish coast to rest.

Soon Columbus caught its glowing,
And its rays re-kindled there,
As he told his fondest wishes
To the Queen so rich and fair.

Onward, down through countless ages,
Like a messenger has come;
Dreaming thus, he told his vision,
At the age of twenty-one.

Yes, he told of this our Country,
"Vivid Mirage" in western sky.
Though the trail was long and dreary,
He was led by One on High.

Soon his boats were all made ready,
As the Queen looked on with pride,
While a silent prayer she murmured,
"May he reach the other side."

As his little band assembled,
Placed their luggage all on board,
There they bade good-bye to dear ones,
As they started on their road.

Off they sailed with one intention,
Bound to reach a land unknown;
Cargo, water, food and raiment,
All required for deed renown.

Two hundred thirty-two days, sailing,
Columbus ere the land could see;
Little did he think his calling
Meant the land of "Liberty."

CLASS 2

"Boney" was a warrior, a soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did whip him on the field of Waterloo.
But braver yet, and tougher far, and stouter than shoe leather,
"The Kaiser" is the man who could have whipped them both together.

CLASS 3

Both the classes I have mentioned
In this poem heretofore,
Bring to us the history witnessed
Of two heroes evermore.

Now the author here will mention,
Though his views are very brief,
A political situation;
Diagnosis brings but grief.

There's no law in this, our country,
That curtails the price of food;
Let us pray that there will be none,
It may lighten farmers' load.

On the other hand, we'll ask them
To make laws both good and stout,
That would liberate the farmer;
He's in bondage, help him out.

While the wage of these, our brothers,
Sails to satisfactory height;
And his needs are all supplied him,
Ere the dividend takes its flight,

Let us have some regulations,
Price of labor and of food,
Then we'll have sweet dispositions;
They will lighten up our load.

To the "Law Makers" we'd be thankful,
If that day will ever come,
Can you say our homes protected,
Indorsing sale of beer and rum?

CLASS 4

Let us now with one endeavor
Try that shining "Goal" to win;
For the path is straight and narrow,
And the Figure tall and slim.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS

THE leaf of a little clover
That grew right near the path,
As I passed one morning early,
Looked up at me and laughed.

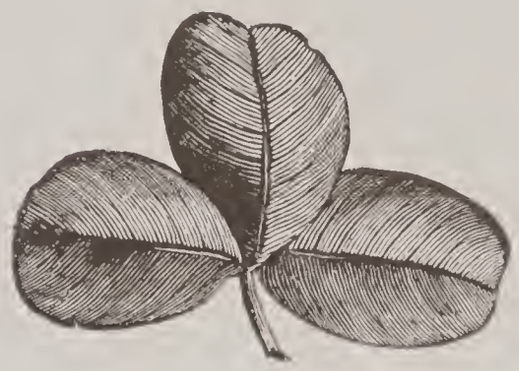
'Twas a bright and pleasant morning,
One early day in June;
The clover leaf, she spoke to me
And set my heart a-tune.

Ah, my eyes were glancing downward,
The words she spoke were true;
Her little face looked worn and weary,
Though wet with morning's dew.

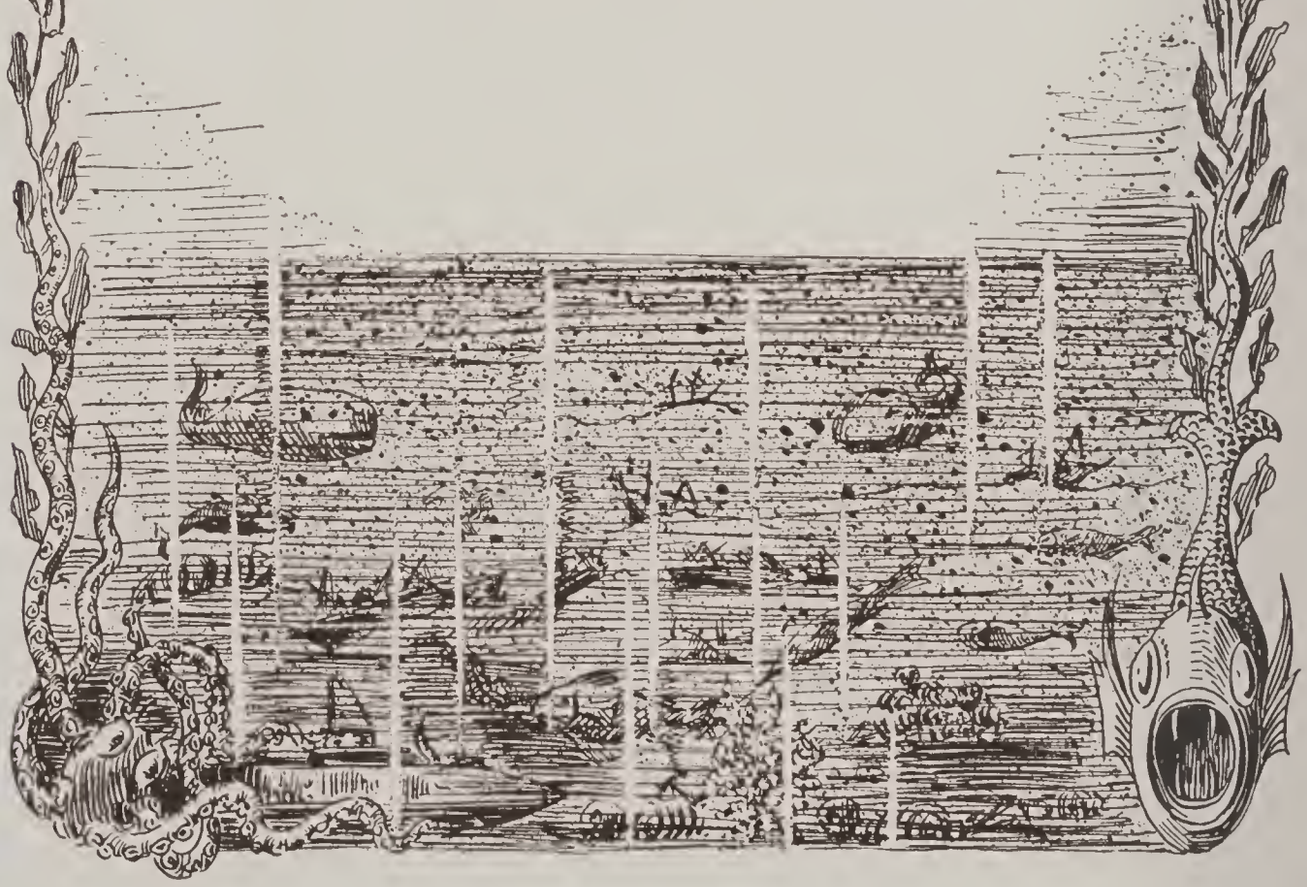
Although day by day I passed her,
I watched with much delight,
Feat of a wonderful kingdom,
Burst forth by rays of light.

But the early leaves, I noticed,
First drooped, for they were dead,
But on top there came a blossom,
Lifting its little head.

For this little leaf of clover,
Grown by the path we tread,
Has painted a pretty picture
With colors green and red.



No human ever walked or talked
That city of despair,
Until the Deutschland merchantman
Paul Koenig landed there.



"THE SILENT CITY"

THERE is a city far beneath
The surface of the sea,
With walls so high that none can peer,
Not even you and me.

History of that city great,
Once came to me in rhyme;
The precincts of that noted place
Have grown since Adam's time.

There is a city far beneath
The ships that sail the sea:
The number that it doth contain
Would startle you and me.

On this old earth once came a flood,
Rained forty days and nights.
Though ardent was the man of God,
Who preached with all his might.

This history now my friends you see,
Goes back to Adam's day,
For he was first to till the land,
God drove the seas away.

The waters then He called them seas,
The dry land called He earth,
And in that garden He had made
Left Adam there to work.

All things were named by Adam, too,
And after he was done,
A-living in the garden, sir,
Was anything but fun.

While Adam was a-sleeping there,
One rib our Maker got,
And closed the ugly wound right up
Before he left the spot.

Out of that rib our Master made
A creature like we see.
He asked the man whom he had formed
What will her title be?

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bone,
And flesh of my flesh,
She shall be called woman,
Because she was taken out of man.

Now Adam had to till the ground,
While Eve, she was the cook;
She thirsted much for knowledge there,
So from the tree she took.

And for that reason we must die,
For God gave the command,
To those who were a-living then
In that most holy land.

They lived and thrived till Noah's time,
When they all met their fate;
They would not enter in the Ark
Until it was too late.

The people paid but little heed
To what he had foretold,
One hundred twenty years he preached,
He tried to save their souls.

Do you not see that city great
That lies beneath the sea?
The millions it has welcomed there
Would be a sight to see.

There're old and young and rich and poor,
With mariners by the score,
That inhabit yonder city,
The sea has covered o'er.

The rolling waves, like clouds to them,
Prevent the sun's bright glow
From giving light and warmth to those
Who there reside below.

A silent city it must be,
A bivouac of the dead,
Where not a vessel rings its bells,
Or not a word is said.

No human ever walked or talked
That city of despair,
Until the Deutschland merchantman
Paul Koenig landed there.

So let us stop to think a bit,
Ere from our home we go,
For the sea's o'erwhelming billows
Might retain our long repose.

AUTUMN'S LEAVES AND BREEZES

AUTUMN'S gentle breezes pining,
As they warble to and fro,
Leave much to mark their memory,
In the days of long ago.

So it is the leaves are twirling,
'Neath our feet where e'er we go,
Filling all the world with sadness,
They are buried by the snow.

Earth receiving what she gave us,
In the merry, welcome spring,
Rapidly thrusting up toward Heaven,
Opening like the angel's wing.

Yes, they're gone, but not forgotten,
During summer's warmest days;
There at times we sat protected
'Neath her cool refreshing shade.

Autumn's gentle breezes pining,
Bring to us once more so fair,
One who always stooped to kiss us,
As we said our morning prayer.

PRESIDENTS IN RHYME

GEORGE WASHINGTON was number one; the Senior Adams next came on. While Jefferson made the number three; Madison the fourth was he. Monroe the fifth to him succeeds; while sixth the Junior Adams leads. The seventh Andrew Jackson came, and eighth we count Van Buren's name. Harrison made the number nine. Tyler was the tenth in line. Polk was the eleventh we all know, and twelfth was Taylor in the row. Filmore the thirteenth took his place; Pierce the fourteenth in the race. Buchanan the fifteenth had come, his loyal work at once begun. Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth, who freed the slaves, died a martyr by a knave. Andrew Johnson, seventeenth was he, who made a courteous inaugural plea. Eighteenth was U. S. Grant, who served eight years of royal days. Nineteenth came Rutherford B. Hayes. James A. Garfield, twentieth, in the chair, like Lincoln, died while he was there. Chester Arthur, number twenty-one, served until his term was done. Twenty-two was Cleveland, short and stout, who loved to fish for frog and

trout. Benjamin Harrison, number twenty-three, caught him napping easily, but when his four long years were run Cleveland number twenty-four his second term begun. He laid aside his rod and gun and vetoed every bill but one. Now I will name a man most dear who gave his nation hope and cheer. All people loved him that we know. He died a martyr here below. Our twenty-fifth President, McKinley, was quite true, he lived and died a Christian, too. The third to die from assassin's ball, the other two I have recalled. Now Roosevelt, number twenty-six, who fought the trusts and bent their sticks. He gave the people all great cheer and filled their throbbing hearts with fear. He ran his race in seven years and called on Taft to dry our tears. Now, William Taft makes twenty-seven. All but two last named have gone to heaven. I'm glad to know that Woodrow came. He'll ever help us on to fame. His watchful waiting proved so grand, we are glad to know this Christian man. And if he'll only run once more, the wolf can't enter at our door. It's fine to have a man like him, so short, and thin and lean and slim, to take our nation by the hand. He pleases almost every man.



Am I the boy you once did know
That filled my mother's heart with woe,
And daily blighted father's name,
In this old world of sin and shame?

AM I THE BOY?

AM I the boy you once did know ,
That filled my mother's heart with woe,
And daily blighted father's name,
In this old world of sin and shame?

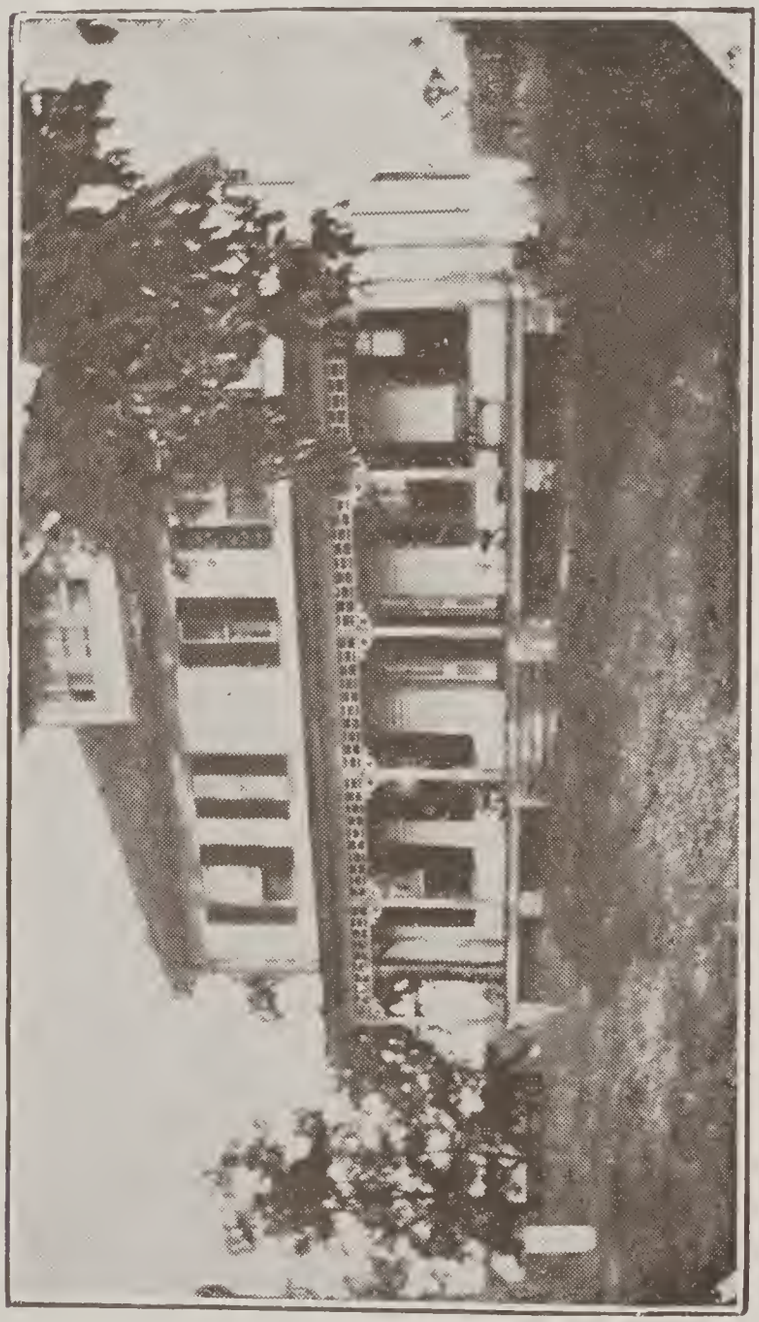
I came to them so incomplete,
My duty never could I meet,
With sparkling eyes and cheeks of tan
They called me then their little man.

To school some distance I would go,
My teacher always loved me so;
And there I learned to read and write,
While my schoolmates would quarrel and fight,

Or play a game of rough football,
There taking out of each a fall.
I learned to read and spell with those
Who pinched my arms or mashed my toes.

I always tried to please them all,
But never would I play baseball,
Or call my teachers mean, vile names;
Each day I'd try to live the same.

Am I the boy you once did know,
That filled my mother's heart with woe,
And daily blighted father's name,
In this old world of sin and shame?



My father lived one mile from town,
And he was known for miles aroun',
For he was born and lived and died,
On his own farm, a country-side.

My father lived one mile from town,
And he was known for miles aroun',
For he was born and lived and died
On his own farm, a country-side.

In stature he was tall and slim,
His eyes were brown and cheeks were thin.
His hair was black as raven's coat,
His views I now can sometimes quote.

His farm was best for miles around,
His corn was tall and rich and brown,
His cattle they were fair to see,
His eye was trained on honey bee.

His features fair as fair could be,
I know but one so fair to me.
His heart was good and kind and true,
While Moses' Laws he freely knew.

And many volumes he wrote, too,
That pleased the soldier boys in blue.
Oh, could I find a man like him,
One distant journey I'd begin.

He was a man of will and pride,
A man that God had satisfied.
The Bible he would stop and read,
And lived according to his need.

My father lived one mile from town,
And he was known for miles aroun',
For he was born and lived and died
On his own farm, a country-side.



With her I loved to live and dwell,
For to me she'd often stories tell.
Her stature then was short and stout,
Day in, day out, she'd hum about.

My mother dear, though filled with pride,
I loved to linger near her side.
Her hair was white as falling snow,
Her cheeks retained a living glow.

Her eyes were blue as Heaven's skies,
That took me often by surprise;
Compassion lived within her heart,
That stung my conscience like a dart.

With her I loved to live and dwell,
To me she'd often stories tell.
Her stature then was short and stout,
Day in, day out, she'd hum about.

Around her fireside I would play,
While she was sewing all the day.
With her the chickens I would feed,
And drive to town a fiery steed.

She taught me this, and taught me that,
Just how to live and how to act.
I pray to God that I might find
One just as good and true and kind.

Oh, could I live in peace and joy
Like they, when I was but a boy,
My fireside would have the glow
Of my dear parents years ago.

My mother dear, though filled with pride,
I loved to linger near her side,
Her hair was white as falling snow,
Her cheeks retained a living glow.

ON LAKE ERIE

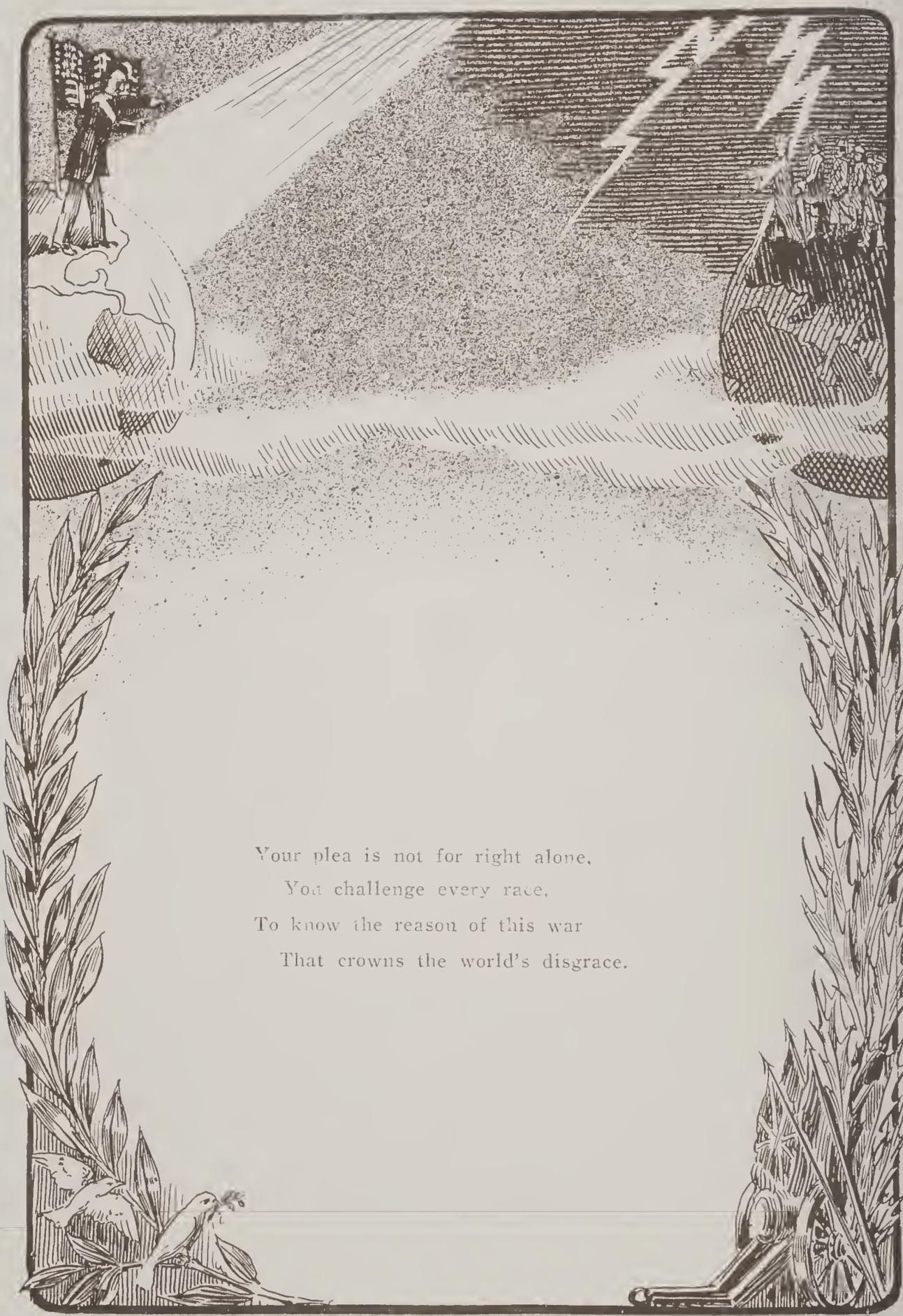
CALM was the morn when we retired
On Erie's shore, and there inquired
For a steamboat; one ready then,
Would soon strike out, called William Penn.

This was the name of that steamboat.
A gun was fired, and off we float,
Though calm and undisturbed we go,
Full soon the stormy winds did blow.

The boat was rocking, rolling, tipping,
Turning sideways, bowing, dipping;
Water spouting, hearts a-failing,
Streams twelve feet above the railing.

Mournful cries and squalls all round us,
All reached shore and no harm found us;
Farewell, farewell to William Penn,
She travels Erie now and then.

But she no more shall carry me,
I care no more her deck to see,
I bade her farewell evermore.
When I had reached the other shore.



Your plea is not for right alone,
You challenge every race,
To know the reason of this war
That crowns the world's disgrace.

AN AMERICAN'S PLEA

OH, Kings and Czar and Emperor,
Who defer the rule of right,
Is it a mark of Godly men
To lead this bloody fight?

Many nations now are retrograde—
Your carelessness the cause,
Your ever craving thirst to rule,
You've no respect for laws.

Your treaties are not valid now,
Your selfish ends demand,
You've crushed a peaceful people, too,
In their most neutral land.

O, Belgians, please forgive the Powers,
Your fate rests on us all;
All righteous men throughout the world
Should heed the mournful call.

Your plea is not for right alone,
You challenge every race,
To know the reason of this war
That crowns the world's disgrace.

The ancient ruler could not read
The inscription on the wall—
The Belgian could not understand
How Antwerp e'er could fall.

But soon her mighty walls were rent,
And they crumbled into dust,
All Antwerp then did weep and wail
Like Kings, Czar and Emperor must.

Through evolution's onward course,
From molecule to man,
And on through ages that must come,
That are led by human plan,

The morbid carelessness of hate,
Envy, selfishness and strife,
Are sprinkled o'er the path of time,
All through our natural life.

They ne'er shall reach that shining goal,
Yes, they'll end but with the dead,
Eternal righteousness decreed;
Our true God and Maker said.

What though by military force,
Your lone kingdom rules the world;
And all your hated foes were slain—
All the other flags you furled.

Desolation, death and despair
Had traversed your land and streams.
The widows' and the orphans' cries
Would defer your noble dreams.

Are all your gallant men and homes
But junk scraps of wasted things,
Oh, should you sacrifice them all
To save President, Czar, and Kings?

The flowing blood from millions slain,
Will forever mar your fame.
The cannon's roar and brutal strife,
Drive your laurels into shame.

Ambition's pride your future goal,
Where your love should rule by right.
For God alone should wear the crown—
He will ever lead your fight.

For we all know that God is love,
He would lead us all aright.
Oh, do you think that He'd exchange
Love's law, for the law of might?

Love's law we know brings joy and peace,
Just alike to rich and poor.
If you should rule by war and force,
Peace and love you'll ne'er secure.

If Kings be wrong, and Kaiser right,
The Czar should take his flight,
And leave the Germans to themselves;
God always judges right.

Be not deceived, God is not mocked,
You have asked his power to lend;
Deceit alone can alter prayer,
And divert the spirit friend.

A mockery all such prayers to him
To stir your comrades' zeal,
With all your trust and faith in God
You wield the mighty steel.

Belgians could not see Antwerp's fate
One week, before her call;
"So if by wars the nations rise,
By war they'll have to fall."

Then why not lead the Christian life?
Live, be like God your aim,
And you'll possess an humble heart
That brings you greater gain.

A manly course you must proclaim,
You can utter righteous pleas,
Speak forth from your own contrite heart,
Pay debt of truth and peace.

Oh, Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
Highest estate attained,
Man's vicious passions all are dumb—
Come, Prince of Peace, and reign.



Finally the war was ended,
Tears and blood paid price of sin,
Wrong can not subdue the righteous,
God is love, and right will win.

LAURELS FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY
1861—1865

EVER since we gained our freedom
From King George beyond the sea,
There had been a gentle zephyr
Telling us the slaves to free.

Though for years there was a-brewing
In the Northland and the South,
For the colored ones in bondage
Lincoln called his comrades out.

Our good and loyal statesmen
In vain tried to calm the storm.
They could find no balm of healing,
Till our stars were rent and torn.

Many Southern States decided,
In our Union not to be,
All the other States protested,
Our broad land must all be free.

Sixty-one our armies mustered,
Defend what they thought was right.
Nothing then could save our soldiers
From a bloody war and strife.

When the contest came in earnest,
All forgot that they were kin;
Fathers fought to kill each other,
Feeling sure their side would win.

For the passion that they cherished,
These, our brothers, fought and died.
They were heroes for our country,
Blue and Gray lay side by side.

Gallant sons of feeble fathers,
Brave and strong as man can be,
Gave their lives to save the Union,
And to make all people free.

Four long years that struggle lasted,
Bloody as the wars of yore;
Many thousand men were fighting,
And our land was rent with gore.

Finally the war was ended,
Tears and blood paid price of sin,
Wrong can not subdue the righteous,
God is love and right will win.

Then once more our Saviour blessed us,
Stronger bound us than before,
North and South and East and West lands
Are all one for evermore.

For Old Glory floats in beauty,
O'er our mainland and the sea.
All the States are proud to own her,
Glorious banner of the free.

We have learned to love each other,
North and South and East and West,
Let the past now be forgotten,
And our fallen heroes rest.

Then when roses bloom about us,
And their fragrance fills the air,
All assembled there together,
May we all our tributes bear.

Let us carry sweetest flowers,
All alike for Blue and Gray,
With our reverence deep and holy,
O'er the heroes' graves we'll lay.

Marching on through time forever,
One in Blue and one in Gray,
For the past should be forgotten,
On our Decoration Day.

For sometime we'll go and see them,
Blessed land where none are dead.
All our friends will then assemble,
Round our narrow, chilly bed.

God of love, and God of pity,
Hear our poor and humble cry.
When our earthly journey's ended,
Take us to your home on high.

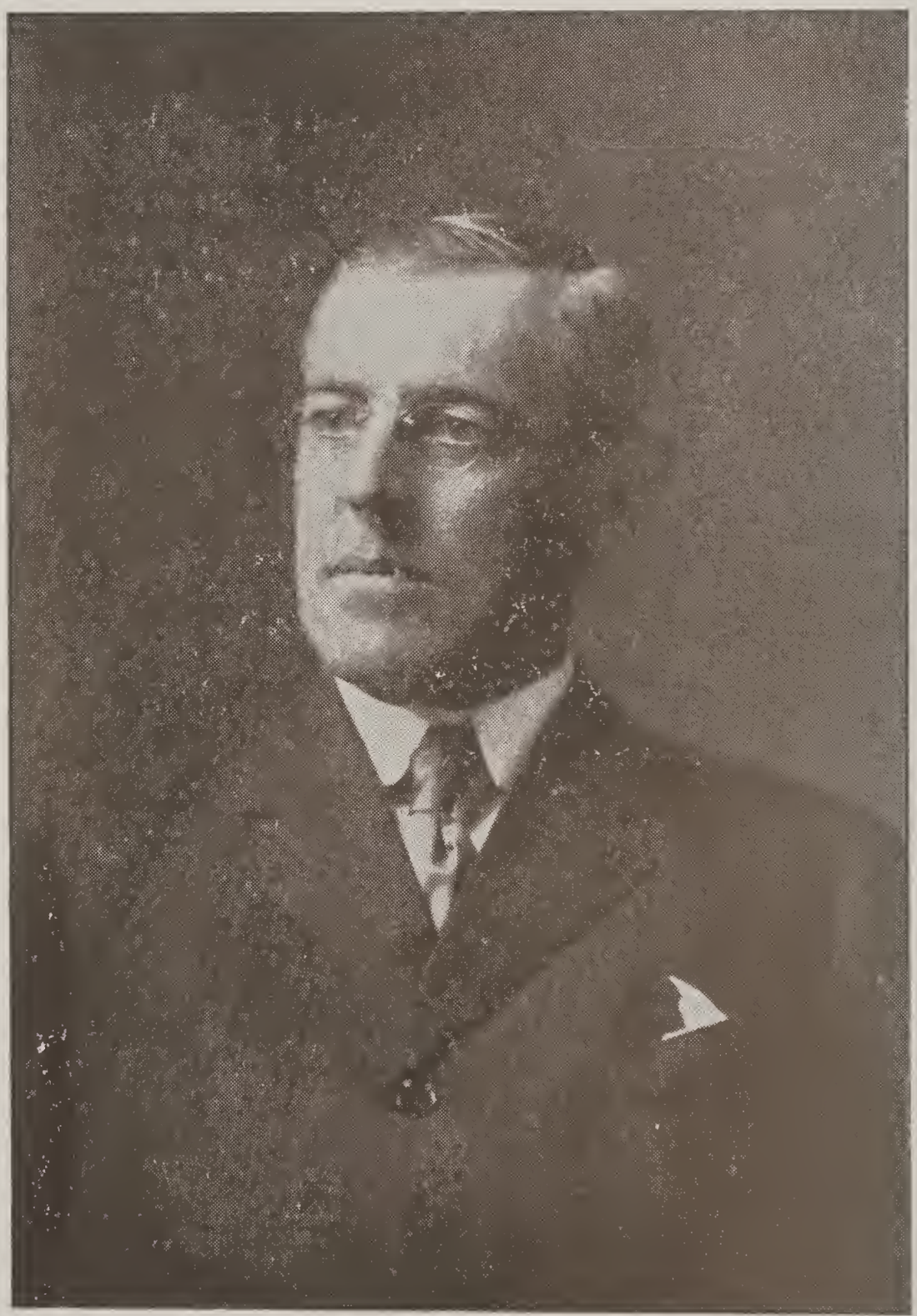
TOO LATE

WELL might these words, through love and grace,
Pour out some blessings, to embrace
And lead all sinners firm by faith,
To meet their Saviour, face to face.

Too late, too late, we hear the cry,
Our Saviour now is passing by.
All hearts oppressed by sin and grief,
The future now brings no relief.

Oh, why should we His presence fear?
On Calvary's Cross, a crown did wear—
His bleeding side, and pitted hand,
A stranger in this wicked land.

Oh, why should mortal man on earth
Jesus scorn—of Holy birth—
Reject His pleading, welcome call,
And ever from His presence fall?



WOODROW WILSON
President United States

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DECLARATION ON A MATTER OF PRESENT-DAY IMPORTANCE

OBSERVE good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant, period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.—*From Farewell Address.*

OUR PRESIDENT

OH, our President, Woodrow Wilson—
What a joy to us has come
Since we know you were elected
And our States all stand as one.

All our sadness turned to laughter,
There is no sorrow, grief, or pain
Since the seventh of last November
When our people did proclaim,

They'd elect a man to office
Who was pure and good and bright,
One who would not ruin our country
By a hard and bloody fight.

Though at all times true and perfect
As a mortal man can be,
Walking in the steps of Jesus,
This the people soon will see.

If such a thing is possible
And you think it just and right,
That debt should be paid Johnny Bull,
Yes, before his hair grows white.

Those little things like this should be
Settled up, and paid with care,
Before the years go rolling by
And leave us in despair.

This dear old man was good and kind,
We therefore should be the same.
And God will help us on our way
His great message to proclaim.

Yes, in place of our great army,
Price we spend on country roads,
Uncle John should have his money,
It will lighten up our load.

Then you know we have a navy
Sustaining it great cost has come
As they circle round the world, sir,
Shooting powder up for fun.

We must always praise our brothers
For Great England gave them birth,
Blackstone, our old legal father,
Known to all who live on earth.

With their great and noble statesman
Gladstone's name still lives renown,
For his books do teach us manner,
Hospitality marks his crown.

So it was their great Charles Wesley
As a messenger did come
Warning us of future safety,
Exiling liquor, ale, and rum.

Yes, Sir Walter Scott, their poet,
With his pen was great we know—
Let us leave their dear old England,
To America we will go.

They arrived in this, our country,
In fourteen hundred ninety-two —
How our Pilgrim Fathers suffered,
Woodrow Wilson, all for you.

Just think how poor and frail we were
Back in fourteen ninety-two,
Columbus landed on our shore,
Woodrow Wilson, calling you.

God heard at once our fathers' prayers
And He blessed them from the start.
A sublime work He had for them
His great blessings to impart.

Remember now our Washington,
Grand and noble man was he,
Who gave our country four long years
Of services without a fee.

Lafayette, a young French warrior,
With us played his part so well,
He helped us many years ago
To conquer the British bell.

How thankful, now the time has come,
Yes, God's blessing to impart,
And shed abroad through all our land
Contrite spirit, all thine art.

And Jefferson, our great statesman,
Declaration of Independence did write,
Our country then was rough and wild,
For the Red Men lived in sight.

We all listen now to Franklin
With his bottle on a pole,
Many years ago he told us
Electricity he would unfold.

Now we come to martyred Presidents,
Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, too;
No, they did not die in battle,
To our country they were true.

There're our submarines in battle,
Oh, how wonderful they act;
They submerge in ocean's water
And for days they don't come back.

And now here comes A. Marconi,
With odd looking wireless poles,
Who can surely can a message
And its story all unfold.

Just the opposite is Wright's airship,
As it sails one mile in height;
What a wonderful thing in battle
Could it operate by night.

Oh, our President, Woodrow Wilson,
Might your mission to you bring
No heartache, with grief and sadness,
But with consolation ring.

For so soon it will be springtime,
And how happy we will be
When we hear sweet strains of music
Floating back so full and free.

May the glittering rays of sunshine
Brighten up your earthly path,
Strengthening all your power and motives,
Keep you firm until the last.

"WELCOME"

WELCOME, Jennie, dearest Jennie,
Have, O have we met once more;
Parted long by sea and mountain,
Thou on yonder foreign shore.
Yet we mingle,
Here as then in days of yore.

Welcome, Jennie! Was it for me
Thou didst leave thy far-off home;
And with joyous heart elated
Brave the roaming billows' foam?
Didst thou love me?
Thus for me consent to roam?

Love me! Those are words forgotten,
For 'tis many long, long years
Since I've met with one to love me—
One to chase my gloomy fears;
But thy presence
Here to glad me now appears.

Oft as o'er life's dreary pathway,
All forlorn I've strayed, and sad;
Where the world was cold around me,
And no cheering friend I had;
Have I wished for
Thee, my aching heart to glad.

For though sunny smiles of gladness
Oft have met my weary eye,
And though tones of sweetest kindness
On some passing breeze flew by,
Yet, dear Jennie,
They were not for such as I.

But a joyful light is breaking,
Once more on my lonely way;
For thy smiles henceforth shall kindle
In my soul a cheering ray,
And upon me
Dawns a clearer, calmer day.

Here no more unlov'd I'll wander,
Like some solitary dove;
All that any heart could wish for
Yet is mine, *dear* Jennie's love;
And it shineth
Like a sunbeam from above.

THE HUMAN BODY

Many are these members in one body joined, they are all very useful together, we find: these members, though many, in union agree, the head formed for planning, the eyes made to see. The ears made for hearing, the tongue made to talk, the nose made for smelling, and feet made to walk. Our hands formed for labor, to earn food and clothes, and still not forgetting thumbs, fingers and toes. Now, how could these members be changed all about, mankind wrong end upwards and inside turned out. His hands formed for walking, his head dangling down, his feet upwards wagging and wearing the crown. The sepulcher showing just what it contains, it seems much disgusting that man thus remains. The heart and the intent, far best all inclosed, far best as created, inside out of sight. Our Creator, our Maker, man is sublime, Thy works, O God, have made man know thou art Divinity.



MOTHER

DEAR MOTHER

DEAR Mother, I'm lonesome; for whom can it be?
For her whose love is like His who died on Calvary's tree.
The pure and the wistful voice like the coo of a dove,
Through years of my childhood, has taught me to love.

Your figure is slender and graceful I know,
Those tresses once black, now are white as the snow.
Your eye once was bright, still shines with delight,
Oppressed is my heart, when you stray from my sight.

I should be so happy, for the cares that you give
Have softened by trials, and taught me to live.
These pleasures you give me; oh! how can I pay,
For life is so short and I'll soon pass away.

I hope that the echoes of past years will go
And leave us no memories, our hearts to o'erflow,
Possessing the gentle and kind loving trace,
Oh, Mother! Oh, Mother! with smiles on your face.

If Satan must have me, beguiled might I stand
To welcome the embrace of your warm loving hand,
And to honor the cares you bestow upon me.
Oh, Mother! Oh, Mother! my prayers are for thee.

MISSIVE

SHOULD somebody love me, and call me her beau;
A bright smiling lady, with me she could go;
A heart that is tender, knows nothing but love,
And led by a spirit, that comes from above.

This heart with great sadness, that's filled to the brim;
A new life of gladness, I'd try to begin.
Forgetting the days of much sorrow and pain,
We'd live in the future to brighten His name.

With Jesus to guide us, a home up above,
Our hearts filled with gladness o'erflowing with love.
Our lives would be better, and guided by bliss;
Each day would be started, with one loving kiss.

We hope that the echoes of past years will go,
And leave us no memories, our hearts to o'erflow.
Possessing the gentle and kind loving trace,
A sweet little boy with smiles on his face.

Oh, Robert, I hear thee, thy song in dismay;
You've waited in life till a most dreary day.
My song is my Galiot, my motive divine,
For Jesus doth lead me, His will is sublime.



MORO CASTLE, HABANA, CUBA
WHERE BATTLESHIP MAINE WAS SUNK, FEBRUARY 15, 1898

WAR OF EIGHTEEN NINETY-EIGHT

MISFORTUNES of the Cuban race,
McKinley did deplore;
Our army and our navy sent,
Their island to explore.

The Cubans are a loyal race,
Their bravery he adored,
He therefore felt that we should now
Preserve their native shore.

Great Spain had tried to win the name,
Close by our nation's door,
But this he thought she could not do,
At least for four years more.

So to start the ball in motion,
And prove to all we're fair,
He would not try to be unjust,
Or take them unaware.

Ah, our Maine, she was a monster;
She lay with starboard side,
Toward the Havana fortress;
That bay is where she died.

She sank beneath the rolling waves,
Havana's banks so grim,
Of all the marines she bore,
Her crew was very slim.

Her crew was such a noble one,
They knew their well-trained place.
The Spaniards were afraid to come,
And meet them face to face.

Our President, a collegiate,
A scholar good and fair,
On April, twenty-second day,
A war he did declare.

Soon after this a message came,
From Dewey, o'er the sea,
America never heard before
Of such a victory.

'Twas Sunday morn, the first of May,
That Dewey called the fight.
He steamed right in Manila Bay;
Found Spaniards sleeping tight.

Our ships were manned with gallant men,
Their aim perfect and true;
Perhaps you know something of this,
By pictures artists drew.

Their Castile was a battleship,
Her armor bright and new,
But there she fought the Stars and Stripes,
And sank beneath the blue.

The Donantone, a man-of-war,
(Her crew like demons fought)
Caught fire and sank beneath the waves,
While violently she rocked.

Of all the tales of victory,
 Since fourteen ninety-two,
None can compare with gallantry
 That Dewey did go through.

Charles Gridley was a noble man,
Our countryman and true;
He died from fighting at his post,
 Ah, say, my friend, could you?

Old Glory brings to heart and mind,
 Morn of a desperate fight,
Between the Dons of foreign land,
 And Yankee Stars and Stripes.

The praise of Dewey's power is sung
 Among the rich and poor;
We all should greet him on his way,
 Through life for evermore.

Our loved ones, who assisted him,
 Through strife with desperate foe,
May God their pathways brighten up
 Wherever they may go.

The Olympia was his flagship,
 Although she's small in size,
She will always have the honor,
 She captured the richest prize.

Our hearts were saddened for awhile,
 Our moans were deep within,
Until we heard from Sampson's fleet,
 Towing the prizes in.

After two long weeks the prizes, rich,
Schley towed them by the score,
With their large cargoes bright and new,
Were landed on our shore.

'Twas eighteen hundred ninety-eight,
Fifth month and on third day,
That Hobson sank the Merrimac
In Santiago Bay.

I hope that all will honor him,
Through years that we may last,
As one of our great heroes,
For many centuries past.

Col. Roosevelt, with his cavalry,
Had charged with great decree,
Their ardent hearts were bound to win,
And make the Cubans free.

While General Shafter and his men
Demanded what was right;
And as our army braved San Juan,
The Spaniards made their flight.

To Spain by steamer they did flee,
Left Cuba for to roam;
Their transport landed safe in port,
Domain they called their own.

Torrell saved his men from certain fate;
Yes, from our boys in blue;
He knew he could not keep us back,
The best that he could do.

Our dynamite guns were trained upon
 Their dark and gloomy town,
The Spaniards soon cried out with fear,
 "Our flag we will haul down."

Now Sampson wants a word or two,
 As all good Admirals do,
We hope that he will always be
 So loyal, brave and true.

When Spain first said we had to fight,
 Our Navy it was small,
But since that time we've grown in size,
 Both broad and very tall.

Uncle Sam was once a lanky man,
 We often hear folks say,
So now he'll have to rest a while,
 At Santiago Bay.

To Puerto Rico on they go,
 May God soon hear their prayer,
Supported by their noble crews,
 They brought their guns to bear.

The Spanish fleet lay bottled up
 At Santiago Bay;
Our ships blockaded that old port,
 For three weeks, night and day.

Cristobal Colon, a noble ship,
 To Spain she was most true;
She undertook to lead their fleet,
 But failed to take them through.

Now I will tell you, best I can,
A plain and simple way,
Of all our ships who helped to sink
Cervera on that day.

Of all our ships we're very proud,
Both large and small in size,
For always when they're called to fight
The Spaniards they surprise.

A monster from a Western State,
Now I might call to mind,
She steamed some fourteen thousand miles,
A Spaniard for to find.

The Iowa and the Oregon,
They would not take a dare;
Supported by their noble crews,
Their guns re-echoed there.

The Gloucester is a yachting boat,
Suppose you have heard say;
The Spaniards did not like to yacht
In such a desperate way.

The Texas is a battleship,
Although she's small in size,
She helped to run their Colon down,
And held her as a prize.

'Twas the North Atlantic squadron,
Far to the South she lay,
Commanded by the Brooklyn boy,
Our Commodore Schley.

Our battleships are present types,
I want you all to know,
Commanded by the "Yankee hogs"
Wherever they may go.

Old Glory floats in beauty now,
O'er mainland, isle and sea,
And we are all proud to own her,
Glorious banner of the free.

Great Spain alone her cause doth plead,
Her Navy is no more.
I hope that all who know her fate,
Will read her history o'er.

Segasta now says peace must come,
Queen Regent pleads in vain,
Their conscience now doth lead them back
To sinking of our Maine.

Within these lines that I have written,
I hope that all may see
That Spain no more will bother us
Through all eternity.

May others likewise be the same,
As we would have them, too,
And we can always live in peace,
As God would have us do.

EASTER

DO you know this heart of sorrow filled with grief you've never known?
Do you know a stricken mourner left to face his life alone?
Is there one sad soul whose burden is too great for him to bear?
Are there tearful eyes which see not Springtime's beauties everywhere?

Oh, there, give him of your choicest, give him freely of your best!
Just a tender smile and hand-clasp and the mourner will be blest.
Just a spray of Easter Lilies laid within a patient hand,
Just a written word of kindness—he will surely understand.

Oh, the joy of Easter morning! Oh, the good that you may do!
Oh, the peace of God's own blessing may be brought about by you.
For you know my heart is lonely, though there's many a troubled soul
You can comfort with your kindness, you can make alive and whole.

Just a bunch of Easter Violets, tender, blue as
heaven's skies—
They may make the light of gladness kindle in
one sufferer's eyes.
Just a tiny book of verses telling of the Easter
time,
Just a fragment of a poem—some sweet, strong,
inspiring line,

Just a hand-clasp warm and tender, just a smile
from happy lips,
Just a book of love and friendship, just a touch
of finger tips—
Ah, it is not what we're giving, half so much as
how we give.
And it's not so much our creed, as our life and
how we live.

"Then Dear Heart," on Easter morning, find the
one who needs your care,
Scatter smiles as sweet as blossoms downward
drifting through the air.
Be not chary with your loving—give and give and
give still more,
And your Easter will be precious as it never was
before.

MONTHS IN RHYME

WITH January, year begins,
Welcoming the New Year in,
With chilly air and banks of snow
Gleaming in the sun's bright glow;

While February's sleet and rain
Gently tap our window pane;
While little folks so calm and still
Gather round our window sill.

March brings wind so rude and blast,
Rushing by so loud and fast.
The ship at sea doth set her sails,
Weather her terrific gales.

While April brings us warm spring showers,
Cheers these saddened hearts of ours
With violets bright near knoll and rill,
Nature gives this old world still.

May brings to us the fragrant flowers,
Winding castles, lofty towers,
And bids to all a sheer delight;
Watch the falling stars at night.

June brings to us the fairest rose,
Cupids wear when they propose.
While with our pole and fishing hook
Journey leads us to the brook.

July bears sun's most ardent glow,
Focused on this earth below.
It brings to us a well filled store,
Keeps us one or two years more.

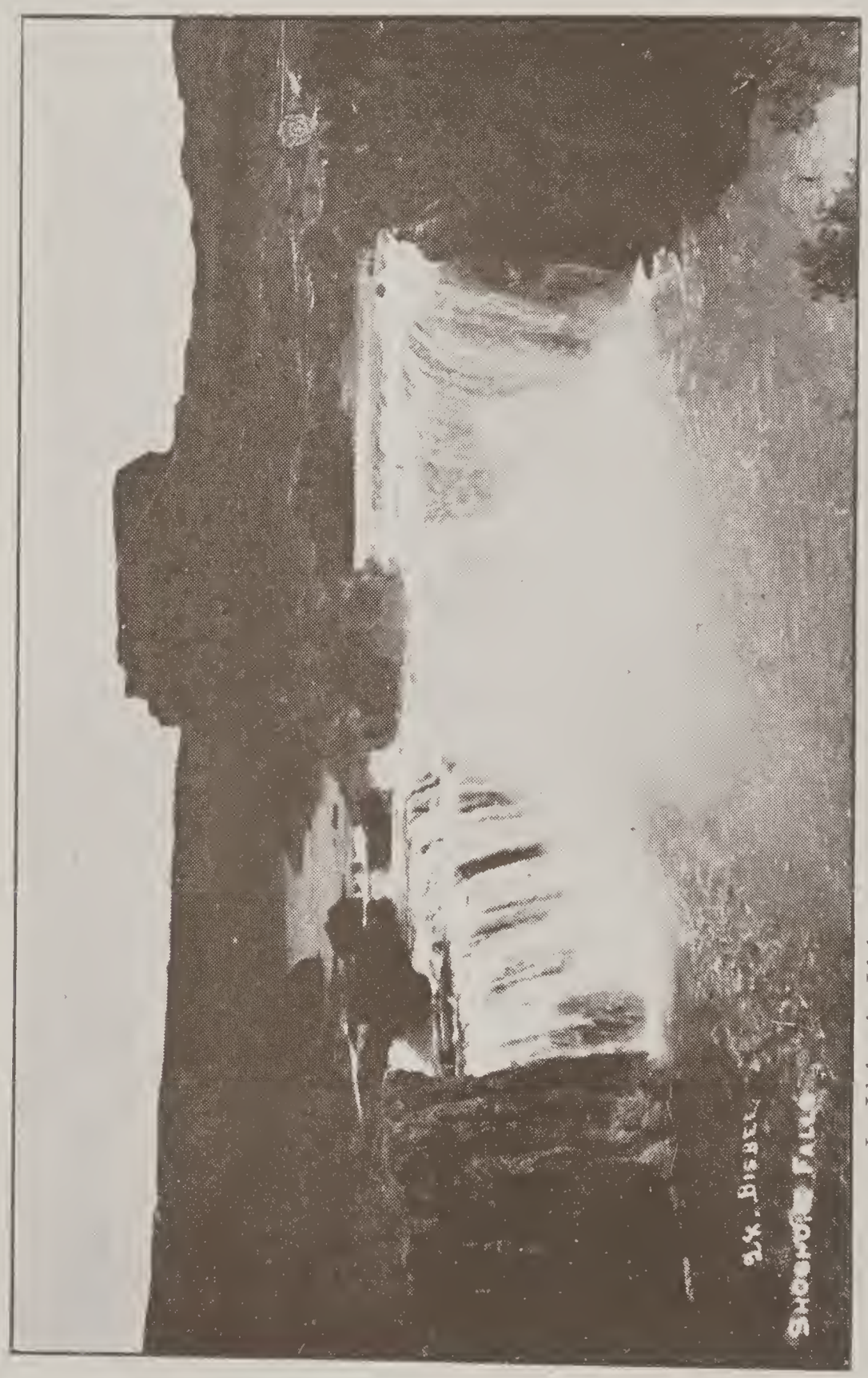
While August brings the sheaves of grain
Hopes renewed for future gain.
The bumble-bee and asp and wasp
Cozy snuggled in the moss.

September brings the orchards fair,
Decked with fruit so rich and rare.
The apples now we pick and pack,
Cart them to the railroad track.

October brown with nuts and corn,
Frost and wind brings to the ground,
While after school the boys and girls
Pick them up with tossing curls.

November brings the beating blast,
Leaves are falling thick and fast
Thanksgiving's joyful day has come,
Mr. Turkey's day is done.

December's gales blow harsh and bleak,
They paint the roses on our cheek.
The brightest smiles of the old year,
December brings with Christmas cheer.



In Idaho, in Idaho,
The Arrowrock Dam is great!

It cost Uncle Sam some millions,
For he had to pay the freight.

IDAHO

IN Idaho, in Idaho,
The weather's cold you know;
Thermometer reads at zero,
On mountains dressed with snow.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
The wind is bleak and chill,
Sometimes it squeaks like new-bought shoes,
Or sings like whip-poor-will.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
People seem strange to me,
They all dress up in Sunday togs,
The "movies" for to see.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
The state of bear and moose;
And what seems strangest here to me,
They tame the wildest goose.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
The forests have large trees,
Four hundred and seventy saw-mills,
Those chaps do what they please.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
Alfalfa, wheat and corn,
And dainty damsels by the score,
And men that seem forlorn.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
Agricultural gains we lap,
The Boise valley far is known,
As first upon our map.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
Horticulture is your line,
Payette valley's number one,
Her equal's hard to find.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
Weiser valley you can trust,
And should you buy a farm out there,
My friend, you'll never "bust."

In Idaho, in Idaho,
From creeks men dig pure gold,
They trade it to the merchants here,
For "scrip" that they can fold.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
My friend this letter keep,
And when the bleaky winds don't blow,
I'll climb the mountains steep.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
The Arrowrock Dam is great!
It cost Uncle Sam some millions,
For he had to pay the freight.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
 Snake River's rapid speed,
Is fed by the Boise River—
 By Lewiston it leads.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
 Where pumpkins grow like barns,
It takes at least a couple men
 To load one on the farm.

In Idaho, in Idaho,
 Kind sir, my story's done,
The people here say "Democrats"
 Have "put them on the bum!"

DECEMBER MORN

When the golden sun is setting in the far off western sky; when you have a leisure moment as the speeding days go by; when you're resting in the attic in your cosy little bed, will you sometimes think of Robert, how he soothed your aching head? How he rallied when you beckoned that his presence should be near. Many years he's toiled and waited; your poor heart that he might cheer. Now, when victory crowns his efforts, he will take you far away; guide and lead your weary footsteps in the straight and narrow way. One December's wintry morning, 'neath the archway of your door, came a broken-hearted stranger, one you'd seen but once before. At your doorway cold and chilly, 'mid December's wintry blast, there you stood and viewed your sweetheart; since that day long years have passed. You remember how the snow flakes then were twirling thick and fast. While that stranger sought a dwelling of his sweetheart, kind and true, her sweet smiles had gently told him of a love he never knew. In that far off northern

country, o'er Wisconsin's vale he looked; it was there he found his sweetheart, near a little babbling brook. Then his heart was filled with glowing, though his feet and hands were chill, something through his veins went singing, like the merry whip-poor-will. She a tall and graceful lady, hair pure white, with eyes of blue; much he longs to see her coming, for he knows her heart is true. Many are the miles he journeyed, over several States he's roamed, seemingly so fondly dreaming of that cold December morn. Let the love-light ever sparkle, may it light our future path, onward through the years that crown us, may we not regret the past.

THE HONEY BEE

ON linden when the sun was low,
All decked with blossoms white as snow,
The richness of their new born birth
Makes sweetest honey known on earth.

The woodland rich with linden's bower
Attracts the honey bee's great power,
Her circling then is easy caught
Around the linden's lofty top.

From early morn till sun grows dim,
She hums with dainty form so prim,
While onward speeding to and fro,
Sips honey from the linden's blow.

She lights with ease, then takes a draught,
In fear her little limbs are caught,
She rises, and her wings do roar,
To see if she could carry more.

At last her graceful form doth bear
Appearance of her queen most rare;
She slowly rises with her load,
And never plays along the road.

The queen's most wholesome little brood
Has now become so wild and rude;
In early May they cry and pout,
Till one warm day she moves right out.

Their home they now start all anew,
In linden's trunk they live, 'tis true;
Their bright new suits with streaks of brown,
All ready now their queen to crown.

So cunning is the little bee,
That sings around so merrily;
Their daily work they know so well,
No author can their story tell.

HUMAN ANATOMY

HOW many bones in the human head?
Eight, my friend, Mr. Gray has said.
All arranged so close and well,
Their number you can scarcely tell.

How many bones in the human face?
There are fourteen, when all in place.
All arranged so smooth and nice,
We gaze upon them twice or thrice.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, to help us hear.
Inclosed their minute work of art,
Useful as the human heart.

How many bones in the shoulders bind?
Two in each, we're sure to find.
One large and round, one thin and stout,
One turns in, the other turns out.

How many bones in the human spine?
One score thirteen, their number.
Upward one by one they climb,
No extras to encumber.

There are three bones in the human arm,
And without them we would be
As helpless as the little craft
To withstand a mighty sea.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight of each, when none is missed.
With shaft between, where muscles pass through,
That hold our fingers firm and true.

How many bones in the human hand?
Five in each, with many a band.
All corded through and round about,
With ligaments that make them stout.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
Some long and thin, some short and stout,
And some diseased with chronic gout.

Thirty-two teeth in the human mouth,
All we have when none drawn out.
Each day they grind out sweets and sours,
Should they refuse, we're sick for hours.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.
Embed the sockets of our limb,
That makes us look so tall and slim.

The femur is the longest bone
In the body that we know;
Its mission is to carry one
Wherever he may go.

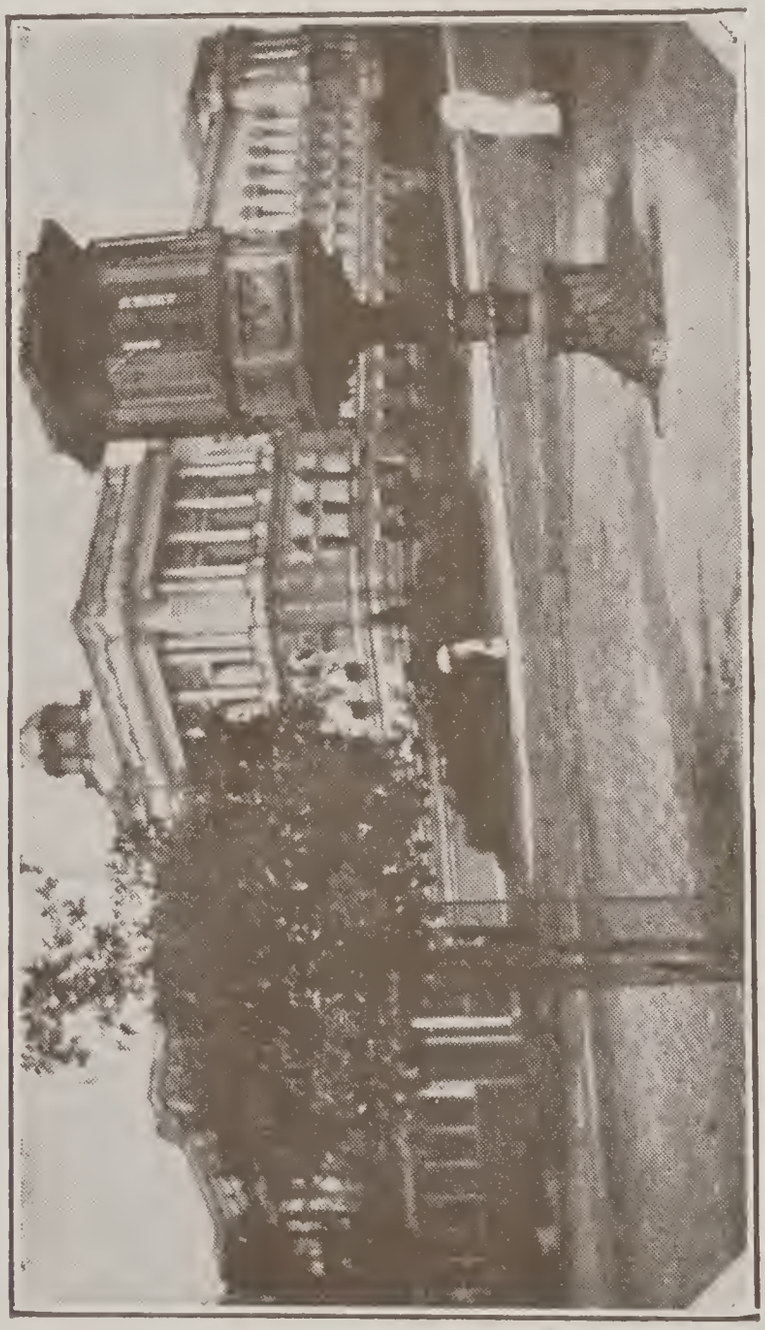
Patella, or the knee-pan bone,
Position just in front;
Most perpendicular it stands
To welcome all its bumps.

The tibia and the fibula,
Extend from knee to foot;
They turn us round in any way
That we desire to look.

The tarsus and the phalanges bones,
Our foot and toes combined,
Do carry us with greatest ease,
Our heels plod on behind.

And then we have some bones, I think,
That form on joints to fill up chinks.
A sesamoid and a wormain, they call,
You are excused when you name them all.

How many bones in our body to date?
They count in numbers two hundred and eight.
To tell of His greatness, I could but resign,
Mechanical wisdom of God's own design.



Soon the wheat fields will be waving,
And the price will be right fair;

Don't you want one hundred acres?
Life is worth a-living there.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THERE'S a place we call the District
Of Columbia, born with care,
Left us by our Pilgrim Fathers,
Who for years assembled there.

Oh, the explorer, let us praise him
For his wise and noble ways;
Oh, the trials he must have suffer'd
Sailing o'er the deep blue waves.

There it was our Savior blessed him,
And the goal he reached at last;
Conq'ring all the other nations
By his hard and dreary task.

Oh, this District! We'll preserve it,
For the features here we see.
Let his stature stand forever
Looking back toward the sea.

As we pass along the highways,
And our eyes are filled with gaze
Here and there at large stone buildings,
Seems to us so strange for days.

At a distance something tow'ring—
What can be that tall slim spire?
Strangers as they approach the District,
Washington's Monument? they inquire.

"Yes, that structure tall and stately,
Bleached by raindrops pure and white,"
As we hear the people murmur,
"Five hundred fifty-five feet eight inches
Is her height."

So it is, all through the District,
As we're passing to and fro,
Bringing back the days of boyhood
And the history that we know.

Here and there the statues firmly
Remind us of the bugle blast—
Fill our thoughts with saddest mem'ry
Of our heroes in the past.

Yes, our Army and our Navy—
What a cost to us have been;
But at last we sleep in comfort,
With our conquered British friend.

Uncle Sam, our dear old Watchman,
Stands above our Cap'tol's dome;
There he murmurs to the strangers,
Any place you choose to roam.

He gently said, "I need your service,
If with me you care to go;
'Way out West I need more people—
Wheat and corn are sure to grow.

"Soon the wheat fields will be waving,
And the price will be right fair;
Don't you want one hundred acres?
Life is worth a-living there."

We hope the people who are coming
Will treat Uncle Sam with care;
For he's getting old and feeble,
And it seems that none doth care.

He's a kind and Christian Father,
And to us good care has giv'n,
And if we have faith in Jesus,
When we die we'll go to Heav'n.

Oh, how beautiful is our District!
Saloons will make him raise his rod,
If inspired by the Almighty,
They're an insult to our God.

Yes, the great Potomac waters
By our District gently creep;
There, beside her, weeping willows
Seemingly have gone to sleep.

Oh, our District, as we know her,
She was placed with greatest care,
By our great and noble statesmen,
Who to God would kneel in pray'r.

Long our District has been faithful,
Outward bound with States all 'round,
Waiting here and there in silence—
May their faces wear no frown.

God at last will tell the story
Of His Son who died for all;
May our great and noble statesmen
Liquors from our land recall.

Then our much admired District,
Possessing goodness here below,
Would advance one step to'rds Heaven,
For our Saviour tells us so.

"God of Peace" and "God of Glory"—
May you this once hear our call,
And prepare us as a Nation,
Lest we should forever fall.

Thanking God for peace and freedom—
Might all nations be the same,
Marching onward up towards Heaven,
Magnifying Jesus' name.



SUGAR LOAF AND BAY

BELLS

THE greatest bell man ever made
Weighs some two hundred tons,
In Sixteen hundred and eleven
This monster, she was hung.

In Moscow, far beyond the sea,
There hangs this mighty bell;
The tourists as they go and come,
Its wonders always tell.

Champion bell, when she doth ring,
It seems would wake the dead,
And when her heavy tongue doth sound,
It hurts the human head.

For many miles away, her chimes
Are heard on Christmas day.
Though only thrice each year she rings—
Once on the Tsar's birthday.

Two dozen men to ring this bell,
I write that you may know;
No whistle can her echoes chase,
When tongue swings to and fro.

The largest bell in all the world,
Would be a sight to see;
She lay buried one hundred years—
This seems so strange to me.

If you should go to Moscow soon,
I hope you'll hear it ring;
No echoes ever heard on earth,
Like her great tongue doth bring.

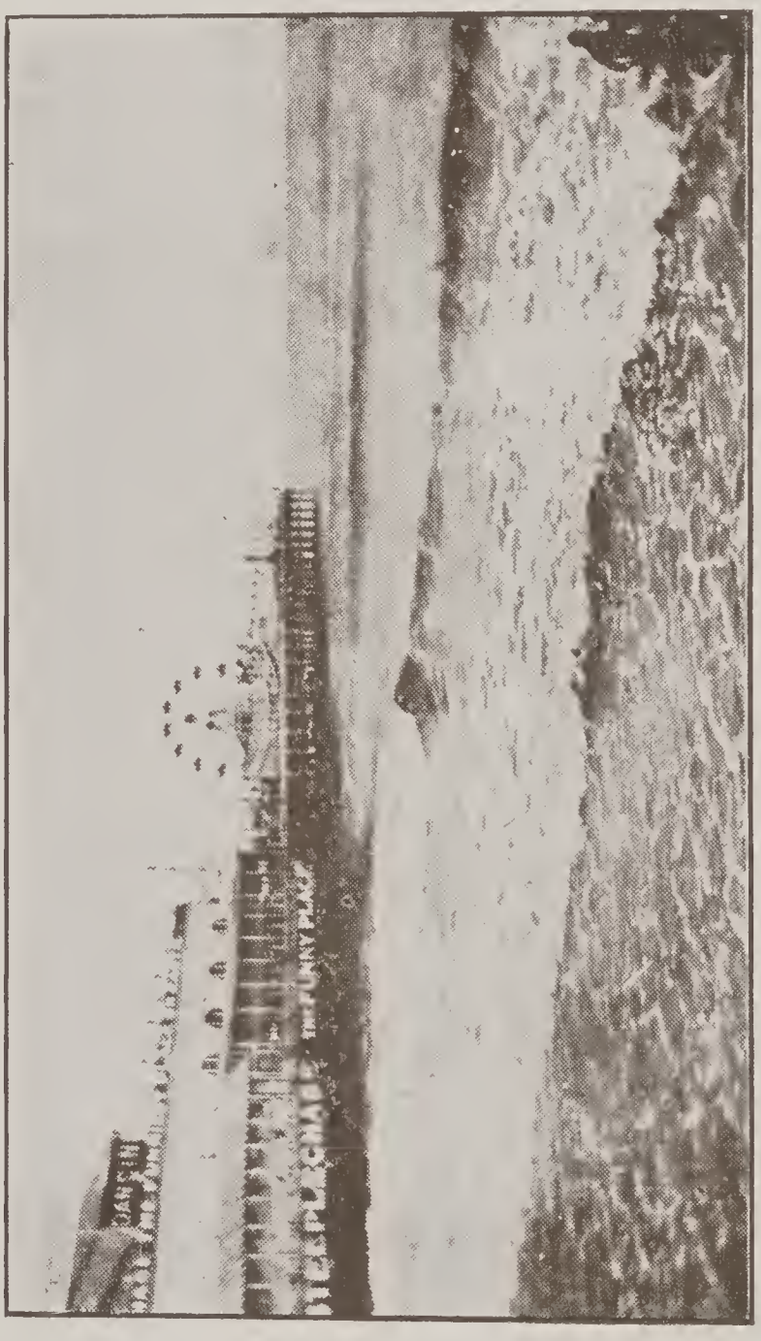
Her reiterating persistent tongue,
Like Atris Market Bell,
Sometimes brings us the saddest news
That human tongue can tell.

The gentle taps of smaller bells,
We hear at public schools,
Where girls and boys are taught to know
Their teachers' rigid rules.

The old church bell that used to ring
When we were but small boys,
Reminds us of the prayers we heard,
And of our Christmas toys.

That same old bell with sadder tones
Did count the years you know,
Of our dear friends who left us here
In sorrow, grief and woe.

Our Philadelphia has a bell
That fills our heart with glee,
That bell once rang, my dear old friend,
The notes of Liberty.



SCENE AT ATLANTIC CITY

OUR COUNTRY

WHAT a majestic scene of beauty,
Hangs before our dreamy eyes,
When we raise our faces Heavenward,
As we watch the starry skies.

What a majestic scene before us,
When we view the briny sea,
Surging, leaping, roaring waters,
Rushing backward toward the lea.

What a majestic scene before us,
The prairies' golden grain—
Woven net of irrigation,
What marvel man has gained.

What a majestic scene before us,
As we see the mighty trees,
California's stately redwoods,
Goldenrods and honey bees.

What a majestic scene before us,
Are the rivers as they flow,
Onward down through time eternal,
Kissed by sun's transparent glow.

What a majestic scene before us,
As the Rocky Mountains stand,
North and south her strata running,
They divide our native land.

What a majestic scene before us,
In the Southland's nooks and rills,
With her plains of cotton blossoms,
And her busy ginning mills.

What a majestic scene before us,
Are the Great Lakes that we know,
With their rushed commercial traffic,
As her boats ply to and fro.

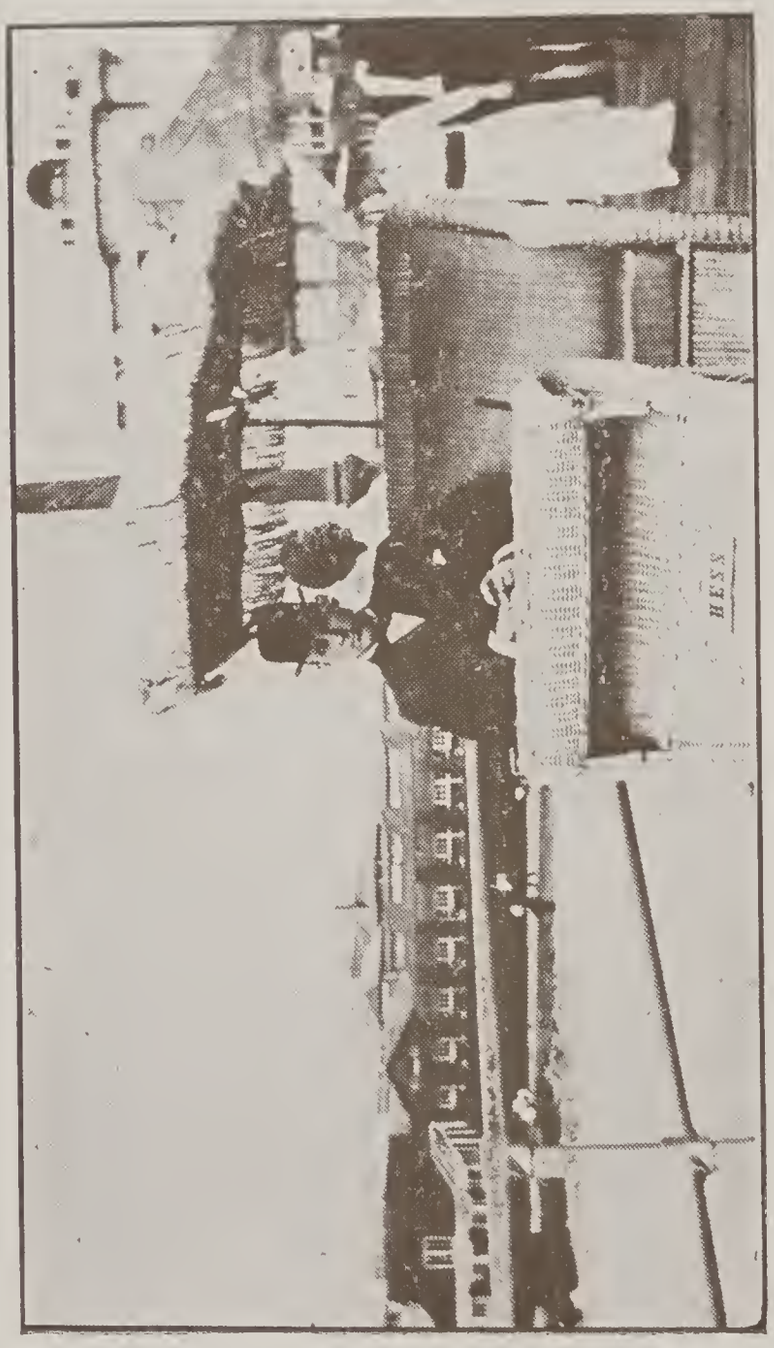
What a majestic scene before us,
Are the forests wild and drear,
Where our sportsmen go out hunting,
There they find the moose and deer.

What a majestic scene before us,
With the seal and mining camps,
These, Alaska's chief industries,
Easy found upon our map.

What a majestic scene before us,
God of Heaven, let it be,
Keep our home a Christian nation,
Ever guided, Lord, by Thee.



ARMSTRONG'S GROVE OF REDWOODS
HUMBOLDT COUNTY
CALIFORNIA



ON THE BOARDWALK AT ATLANTIC CITY

A TRIP TO THE PLANETS

TRIP to the Universe, now let us lead;
Sixty miles an hour the schedule must read.
The time is limited, space is our joys,
All tickets sold, admit no one but boys.

My friend, let us take a trip to the moon.
Ah, be not impatient, we'll reach there in June
The very best figures man can relate,
"166" days, if we make no mistake.

If Venus, our destination, we choose,
Fifty years required, no time can we lose.
Onward and onward, all day and all night;
Upward toward Heaven, our wonderful flight.

Seventy-six years, to Mars, if that be the toll
One life is wasted ere we reach the goal.
Peace with our laughter, content with our lot,
Forward our journey, the Earth is forgot.

One hundred and ten years, to reach Mercury,
And all the while at this wonderful speed;
Man's eyes are dazzled, his nose has to bleed,
Making his flight on this wonderful steed.

Perchance we might aim at wonderful Sun,
A journey of 177 years has begun.
This road the brighter, I think you'll agree,
Inspires my nature, while shining on me.

If Jupiter be the far distant goal,
The mileage is greater than any we've told;
740 years, to his true loving-cup,
More precious the nectar than Cupids have sup'd.

1470 years, to Saturn we find,
If motor we keep right on the main line.
A god, a planet, as Webster has written,
Deeds of the sinful recorded in Heaven.

3160 years to Uranus, we read;
Ah, what a machine, with gearing and speed;
Beats all the records that ever were made,
Summer or winter, in sunshine or shade.

5055 years, if Neptune the route;
Man is so helpless, there's nothing but doubt.
Imagine the years since Adam's own day;
Neptune, the planet, is too far away.

Stars look the smallest, their faces are dim,
Forty million years the time, to reach them:
To be sure, could I have my choice of them,
My friend, I'd take the Star of Bethlehem.



The disaster of the great Titanic, which was in her day the largest steamship afloat, occurred on her maiden voyage off the coast of Newfoundland where she collided with an iceberg about 2:30 A. M., April 15, 1912. Seventy-two score and fifteen people perished.

TITANIC DISASTER

CALM was the morn when friends retired on England's shore and there inquired for a steamship, one ready then, the great Titanic, is your friend. Starboard and port side looked so fair, old England's pride was centred there. How calm and undisturbed they go, but soon they strike the icy flow. The monster ship she reeked and groaned, way out at sea, but not alone; Newfoundland's icebergs they secrete, while many souls were fast asleep. Ship was rolling, rocking, tipping, turning sideways, bowing, dipping, water rising, hearts a-failing, soon approached above the railing. Mournful cries and wails all round us, selfish pride securely bound us, Europe a friend, but not my God, America's pathways I have trod.

"Nearer My God to Thee."

She was raised in dear old England, 'twas their shore that gave her birth, launched she was among the billows, known to all who live on earth. Mark her flight on history's pages, that her name will live renown, 'mid the ocean's surging waters, our dear friends, with her, went down. Name she bore they call Titanic, dreadful was the course she led, speeding onward fast, and faster, now a bivouac of the dead. There amid the chilly waters, icebergs floating all around, shouts for safety soon were crying, our Titanic's going down.

"Nearer My God to Thee."

By and by the lifeboats lowered to the ruthless waves below, seemingly so small and helpless, passengers declined to go. Soon the helpless wailing voices ceased their dreary drastic tones, as the great Titanic started on her way to dwell unknown. Sweet were the strains of music, Oh, my friends, what can it be? 'Mid the darkness, o'er the ocean, Nearer, nearer God to Thee.

"Nearer My God to Thee."

Lonely were the lifeboats drifting, their great hero gone to rest; now among the ocean's victims, may each soul our Saviour bless. Seventy-nine score and fifteen buried 'neath Atlantic's peaceful breast. Yes, most dreadful thing mid-ocean, lives paid vampire's call by death. Well might God's appointed angels circle round that zone by night, wooing back those silent spirits, while that demon made his flight. God of love and God of pity, may you ever hear our cry. Bring us back some consolation, here on earth before we die. Morning light was now approaching without rescue, hearts in fear, did Newfoundland's icebergs take them, our true friends who were so dear? Was it God's omnipotent finger, stretched toward that sinful craft? Forget not our Lord and Master, who shall reign supreme at last.

"Nearer My God to Thee."



"OUR BROTHERS"

SCATTER the roses in Europe today,
Over the graves of those journeyed away.
Fathers and sweethearts and brothers of ours,
Lying at rest all covered with flowers.

Lying so silent in grave and in trench,
Germans and Russians, Belgians, British and French,
Sleeping the years of their life's brightest day,
Faces all scarred that will soon fade away.

Though courage has marked the home of the brave,
Like demons they fought, together are laid;
Bestow the reward they won in the past,
Give them the honor their chiefs had forecast.

Please give them the cross they won in the strife,
Give them the roses they lost with their life;
Crown with your laurels those brothers of ours,
Terrific the battles fought by the Powers.

The Fatherland's domain the home of the brave,
Passing from life to their rest in the grave;
Heroes so loyal, so brave and so true;
Airships are busy in skies that are blue.

Cannon are roaring by day and by night,
Buildings are burning, so hard is the fight;
Man's blood is flowing, a marvelous thing,
Spilt by the Kaiser, the Czar, and the King.

Faces once smiled at the blue and the gray,
Faces now still by the foam of decay;
Eyes that gave lovelight so true to our own:
Lips that sweet thoughts of a true love made known.

Brows you have stroked in the day of despair,
Cheeks you have flushed with a kiss unaware;
Faces that dim in the battle's black smoke,
Fainting for naught till the Death Angel spoke.

Cover the hands that are sleeping untried,
Now crossed on his breast or down by his side;
Gladly the cross of their nation they bore,
Songs of fruition they sealed with their gore.

Cover the feet that are battered and torn,
By comrades and friends were patiently borne;
Not until Gabriel's great trumpet shall sound
Will they e'er rise from their rest in the ground.

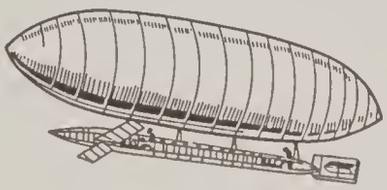
Cover the heads that were merry and gay,
Leaving their sweethearts at home far away ;
Bravely their lives to their nation they gave,
Now in her bosom they rest in their grave.

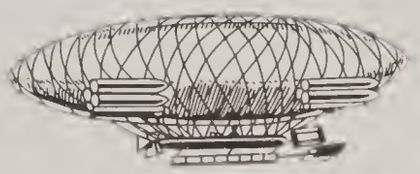
Zephyrs with freedom now fly over head,
Murmuring names of the heroes now dead;
So by our spirits we'll see them once more,
When at last we have crossed to that far distant
shore.

Then when the archangels trumpet and tread,
Raising all lifeless the forms of the dead—
For all of the people last judgment awaits,
When Jesus our Maker shall open the gates.

Then scatter the roses, scatter them wide,
Over the heroes, our brothers who died;
Cover their faces who in cold trenches lie,
Shut from the blue of the transparent sky.







THANKSGIVING

ONE *Proclamation* comes each year, that on Thanksgiving Day,
We gather at the meeting house to hear our pastors pray;
In thanks we bow our heads to God, who brought us through the year,
And we should daily pray to Him, who fills our hearts with cheer.

Our Saviour once on earth did dwell, He gave the Bread of Life,
But many are the souls this day, engaged in war and strife.
We all give thanks to God today, who dwells within our land,
And ever ask that He shall be, the Leader of our band.

From every table everywhere delicious odors rise,
Of turkey, goose or duck, cake, cranberry or lemon pies.
Beneath parental roofs this day, our sons and daughters meet,

And bring their tiny little ones, with cheeks like roses sweet.
While gazing on these tiny ones, a thankfulness we feel
To Him whose majesty protects our homes from lead and steel.

We know that o'er the sea today the wintry breezes blow;
O'er heroes' graves and covered trench; in ruin, want and woe.
There Famine's ghost views young and old and widows of the dead,
While weeping orphans starve and die for want of daily bread.

On this Thanksgiving let us send a message o'er the sea,
Remind them of the Man who walked on Sea of Galilee.
Much good will come to those who help the victims of the war,
Christian love will gain a blessing it ne'er knew before.



VIRGINIA

IN VIRGINIA

WAY, way back in old Virginia,
With the quail and cooing dove,
Lives a pleasant little lady,
One whose heart is filled with love.
Yes, with ideas that will measure
Far beyond the reach of time—
In Virginia lives this lady
And for her I'll pen this rhyme.

Through the hours and days all bygone
She has filled my heart with glee;
All her smiles and winsome manners,
Daily remind me, dear, of thee—
Miles and mountains now divide us,
And the only song I hear,
Is the rattling of the pen point,
And the things you write so dear.

How my heart and nature beckons
For the things you taught to me,
But since Idaho's my homestead,
I am longing now to see,
One who proved to be so faithful
And whose heart I know is true;
When the merry Springtime cometh,
I'll return, my love, to you.

THE LOVER'S PRAYER

THERE'S a tall and graceful lady,
Hair is black, with eyes of brown,
Much I'd love to see her coming,
From a little country town.

Many are her deeds of kindness,
Shown to all in need of care;
For I'm sure there is no other
Who has ever been so fair.

She possesses pride and beauty,
Many are her laurels won.
Give me time, without a murmur,
I could name them one by one.

She is fresh with morning sweetness,
Sweet as dewdrops of the vine,
Oh, might God inspire her nature—
Fall in touch with that of mine.

She has true and loyal instincts,
Like her Saviour, still sublime,
Pointing out the path to sunshine
Only found in courts divine.

Listen, loved one, hark in silence!
Your dear father's old and gray.
Could you leave this eastern country,
And with me go miles away?

Brighter than the stars of Heaven,
Like that of the glittering sun,
My poor mother's face would smile, dear,
While she'd say, "My son, well done!"

"Take him, girl, and love him, will you?
As I've loved in days of yore;
For he'll have no one to teach him
Only what I've taught before.

"Now, my prayer is almost finished;
Here, my dear, please let me say,
Lead his young and tender footsteps
In the straight and narrow way."

CREATION

EVER since the great creation
Man has wandered far and wide,
O'er the deserts, Oh! most dreary,
O'er the ocean's rolling tide.

Ever since the great creation
Woman's traveled by man's side,
And without her love and friendship
This great world would have no pride.

Ever since the great creation
There has been one brilliant life,
That has lead man's sturdy footsteps
As the day turns into night.

Ever since the great creation
Man can say and not be wrong,
Woman's fought her trials bravely,
And to her great praise belongs.

Ever since the great creation
Woman's tried but all in vain,
For to create legislation,
Whereby they might meet some gain.

Ever since the great creation
Man has tried but all in vain,
For to mend the administration,
But at last it's caused him pain.

Ever since the great creation
The sun, stars and moon shone too,
Woman's done and done so bravely
Many things that man can't do.

Ever since the great creation
God intended it to be,
That the beauty of our country
Is the little ones we see.

Ever since the great creation
That our Saviour planned so well,
There has been a joy of gladness,
That no human tongue could tell.

Ever since the great creation
God has planned that man might see,
That his great and noble teaching
Brings about great liberty.

Ever since the great creation
Man and woman both have sinned,
Do not wait till death has called you
And your spirit life begins.

Ever since the great creation
Rough has been the road of toil,
Sprinkled by our Pilgrim Fathers
Left for us a tainted soil.

Ever since the great creation
Men are changing day by day,
And I hope the time not distant
When our Congressmen will say:

Ever since the great creation
Man has written all our law,
And our band is now in session;
Good old liquor stay no more.



CLARK'S GAP

CLARK'S GAP

AMID the nooks and rolling uplands,
Near Virginia's lofty peaks,
Where the sun's rays are so strengthening,
And the zephyrs seem to speak.

The onward rush of fresh pure water,
Here springs forth, from mountain steep;
Goes rippling, speeding on her way
Over craig towards boundless deep.

Through valley, crossing public highway,
She makes time, but calmly creeps,
Yes, towards that home prepared for her,
The Atlantic rocks to sleep.

May we possess such motives only,
As divine men learn to seek;
Oh, may we hoard them up as treasures,
In this city, so to speak.

Within and near this mountain city,
Many shining lights do keep,
Yes, priceless pearls of stately manhood,
Rise in demonstrative speech.

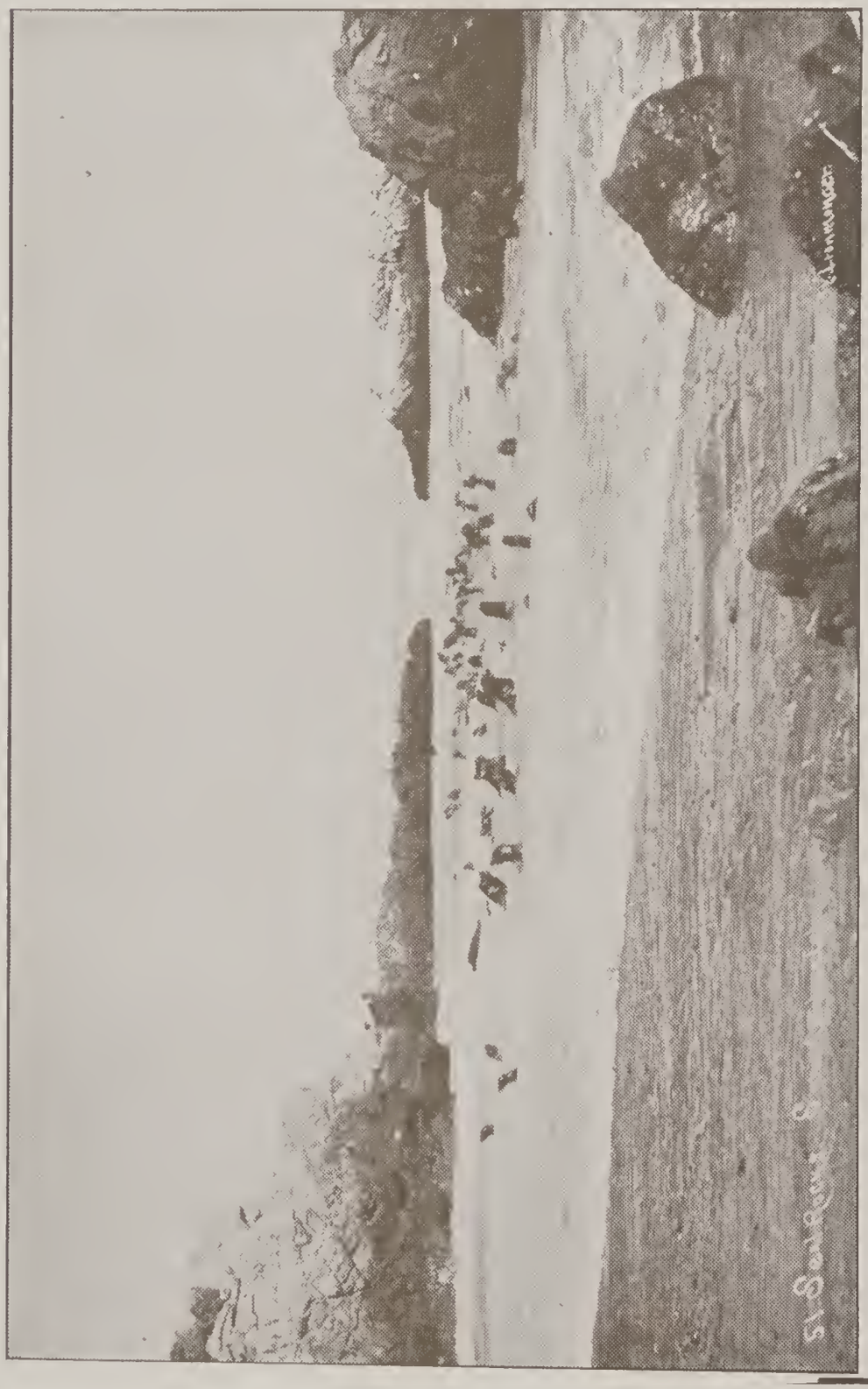
All zephyrs here in godlike nature,
Swell man's bosom, to the brim;
The onward rush, in books for knowledge,
Bound to reach the goal that wins.

May God's great touch with just one finger,
Drop upon the Clark's Gap school,
On earth inspire their noble leader,
Keep him near the Golden Rule.

Oh, may we here, in Leesburg proper,
Press towards the lofty peak,
Where man so flush and filled with vigor,
Like the zephyr made to speak.

May God's great care and watchful motives,
Guide and lead our weary feet,
Along that straight and narrow pathway,
Till our journey is complete.

O, God of love, and God of pity,
May you ever hear our cry,
And when this mountain journey's ended,
Take us to Thy home on high.



SEAL ROCKS, SOUTH CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

LOVE'S MEMORIES

THE voice of my soul re-echoes in chime,
With seasons and years in the journey of time;
But thy voice, my sweetheart, I never more hear,
Too distant its echo for dull mortal ear.

Yet neither its echo, nor clouding that roll,
Can dim thy loved features enthroned in my soul;
So, now, I rejoice in the marvelous faith
Presented in dreams, in each line of thy face.

I reach for thy finger tips, yet well do I know
That hand is as white as the fast falling snow;
No call of love wakens that dear little breast,
Where sweet dreams of nature await your caress.

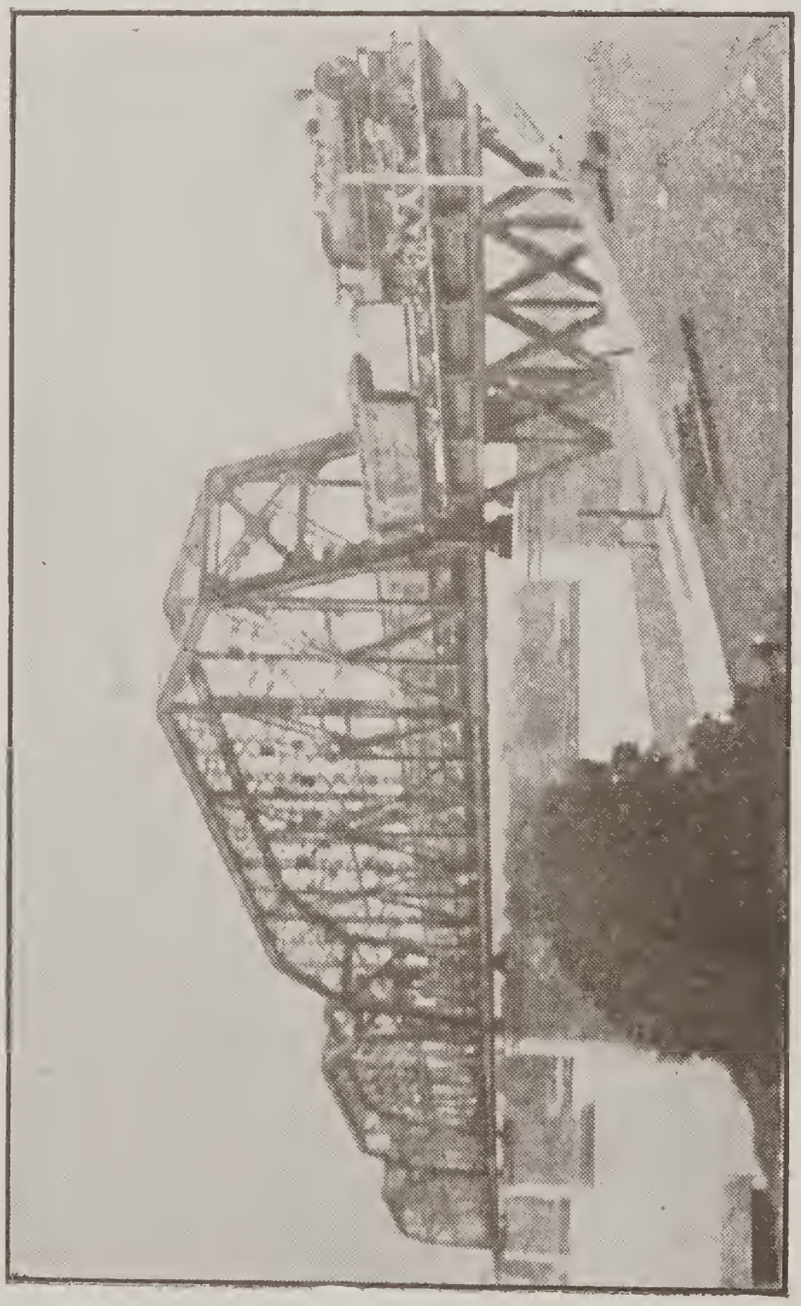
When worn by life's trials, its stings and its darts,
I seek in your prayers a solace of heart;
An infinite pity, compassion, in tears,
To lighten the burden of fast fleeting years.

And gazing anew at those beautiful eyes,
They're beaming upon me, I'm shocked with surprise;
They follow my pathway as I wander and roam,
Could none but a lover those fair orbs illume.

Or, is it transposing that memory throws,
From jewels her chambers so safely enclose;
So vivid, so lifelike, so filled with delight,
A lover's true story you may now recite.

When obscure transposing enchantments diffuse,
The present must vanish, dreams of childhood I muse;
I bask in the rays that illumine love's throne,
For, sweetheart, dear sweetheart, those eyes are thine own.

O Jesus, our Maker! And Father divine;
Create in thy image a sanctified shrine,
Where Heaven grows nearer and planets all blend,
Forgiving her sins, while my prayer doth ascend.



Union Pacific Railroad Bridge, North Platte

BRIDGES

GREAT is the Bridge that we pass o'er;
Life's journey we pursue,
While onward bound with toil and strife
All duties to renew.

"Bridge, a span over water deep."
Majestic, as you see,
It matters not we go and come,
A Bridge the same will be.

The Bridge that serves its purpose here,
Constructed, as you see,
Of iron, brick, stone, or wood, will rise
To page of History.

So while upon the highways here,
The Bridge that we have crossed
May some day bear us to our rest,
Might not my hope be lost.

From Bridge, the noun, we soon shall be,
Assembled all away from thee,
The plural, now, we do behold,
Who hath a heart and righteous soul.

I do confess while in my youth,
I must present the flag of truce.
Although my heart and soul doth yearn,
Miss Bridges won my heart in turn.

I've known her from my boyhood days;
Her heart is pure, I'll always praise
Our schooldays spent with loudest cheer,
But now my heart has much to fear.

She is a pleasant little lady,
Her hair dark brown, here eyes are blue—
Much I'd love to see her coming
For well I know her heart is true.

Thrilling all my soul's emotions,
Oh! clasp me closely to thy breast—
For my heart is pierced and bleeding—
Before the sun sets in the West.

Not one hour of this life ponders,
You still have friends most dear to thee,
But I am sure there is no other,
Like this sweet child has been to me.

A ring I see upon that hand,
From whence it came, I should demand.
But if another she's in view,
Might God create within anew

And bring her back to one who loves.
I cherish her, like God above,
And might I soon my message tell
That through past years, I've learned so well.

My aching heart, she must but know
As side by side to school we'd go.
My eyes were filled with love's delight,
My thoughts were constant day and night.

For through the night I'd dream of her,
How when to manhood I had grown,
Miss Ruth would be my own true wife,
And I'd be happy all my life.

With such bright and prompting instincts,
With all such beauty unsurpassed,
Strength to brave and faith to conquer—
This life is but a dream at last.

FAIRY QUEEN

SHE'S just as sweet as she can be,
And once she said that she loved me,
So I'll go roaming on through space,
And dreaming only of her face.

She's just as pretty as can be,
And used to write so much to me,
But now I've journeyed far away,
And she no more will me obey.

Her eyes are really blue, you know,
And really my heart loved her so,
Oh, could I but her heart retain,
Relieve my conscience of this pain.

Her work, you know, is teaching school,
Bore in her hands so oft a rule,
Oh, could there be a diadem
Like His, for her, in Bethlehem.

For she is one I loved, indeed,
And often with me did she plead;
I loved to hear her accents fall
As she'd come tripping through the hall.

Just like a Fairy's little Queen,
With eyes so blue and dress of green,
She'd flit about in perfect ease,
And tried so hard her friends to please.

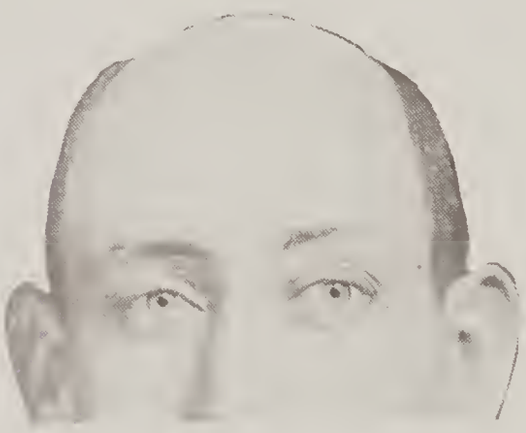
Her gentle voice I no more hear,
For me it seems so strange and queer,
I'm sure she did increase my pride
When she was sitting by my side.

I often thought: What does she think?
Her hair so black and cheeks so pink,
Her lips were red just like the rose,
Her heart told me I should propose.

Oh, could there be a joy, a jest,
Like this for one soul in the West?
He then would gain a title clear,
From sin and shame and malice here.

I'd ever live to glorify
That little girl who said good-bye.
She is the fairest one to me,
She is the one I wish to see.

She's just as sweet as she can be,
And once she said that she loved me;
So I'll go roaming on through space,
And dreaming only of her face.



But God made me a sinful man,
With a bald head and cheeks of tan.
He placed the Bible in my hand,
The history of a perfect man.

THE SUN

WHEN morning comes, the Sun so clear,
Doth fill our rested heads with cheer.
While in its bright transparent rays,
The Maker we shall always praise.

Its light doth kindly give us day.
It drives the darkest cloud away.
Its glow doth fall like kisses warm,
Its presence never does man harm.

Beautiful Sun, how old art thou?
And still you look so bright and new
Through skies that have no form of dew,
I'd like to roam each day with you.

For while I'd roam each day I'd be
Amused by planets that I'd see,
To traverse on in space like thee
For God made you and God made me.

But He made you the cheerful Sun,
To rule the day while work is done;
That man might note your power divine,
Created you to bless mankind.

But God made me a sinful man,
With a bald head and cheeks of tan.
He placed the Bible in my hand,
The history of a perfect man.

But He made you the cheerful Sun,
The Bible says, when World begun;
Through all the ages of the past,
And still your strengthening rays do last.

But God made me to live and die,
While you will still be soaring high;
The things of earth will fade away,
Our bodies must return to clay.

But God made you the cheerful Sun,
I know not how His task was done.
I only know your face is neat,
Therefore His work was all complete.

But God made man out of the dust.
And in Him we should always trust.
He blew His breath in Adam's nose,
And man became a living soul.

When morning comes, the Sun so clear,
Doth fill our rested heads with cheer.
While in its bright transparent rays,
The Maker we shall always praise.



She is a lady well refined
As any one could seek or find.
And if she always lives thus pure
She'll go to Heaven, none's more sure.

HELEN

AT Lewis O. Cleven's residence,
Her presence here gave no offense.
On January twenty-first,
Our little darling came to earth,

Little Queen.

She is a lady well refined
As anyone could seek or find,
And if she always lives thus pure
She'll go to Heaven, none's more sure.

Little Bright Eyes.

Her features they are pure and bright,
Her eyes they shine like stars by night,
Her ears by far are in good place,
And beauty spreads all o'er her face.

Little Sugar Loaf.

She with her little nose can smell,
While with her tongue she tries to tell
The joys of childhood's happy days,
As with her Christmas toys she plays.

Little Lady.

Her ringlets, now of nut brown hair,
Require a trait of greatest care.
Her little hands the doll doth hold.
More precious than the purest gold.

Little Dinky-Dinky-Doo.

Her little feet they totter round,
They seem to make a mellow sound.
With instincts like the busy bee,
That always hums so cheerfully.

Little Sunshine.

Her little voice is clear and good,
Her words are always understood.
Her little face with truth doth shine,
Her spirit now is all divine.

Little Satin Fingers.

This little dear, with future bright,
Doth fill her home with pure delight.
She presses onward up towards Heaven,
Her name is Helen Virginia Cleven.

Little Sweetheart.



True friendship and communion here,
Is what God wants to see,
That we might always live in peace,
And ever constant be.

FRIENDSHIP

IS friendship what it really means?
Or is it only style,
That one should utter pleasing words,
While heart is filled with guile.

Remorses great do fill my heart,
While with a longing sigh,
I kindly write that you, my friend,
Might know the reason why.

A longing heart that weeps today,
For friendship past and gone,
Beyond the portal of this life,
They once maintained so strong.

No one can tell the future here,
It's not for us to know,
All earthly hopes of man must fade,
Just like the falling snow.

Those friendship ties that once were bright,
Resembling stars above,
Smiled with delight, her face so white
Had filled my heart with love.

Her eyes so blue I thought were true,
I gave to her my heart,
While never did I think that she
Would ask me to depart.

On one December day it was,
I left her for to roam,
The earth was covered there with snow,
Her heart for me was dumb.

I wandered to the city great,
Air filled with mist so chill,
It seemed to whisper to my soul,
"Thy spirit liveth still."

The old church pew where we had sat,
Just one short year before,
On this December night I passed,
The archway of her door.

That night how vivid was the scene
Of friendship past and gone;
Oh, can it be, was she untrue,
A friend I'd known so long?

True friendship and communion here,
Is what God wants to see,
That we might always live in peace,
And ever constant be,

In this cold world where all is vile,
And others' sin we see,
While our own lives are grouped about
With immorality.

So let us then with friendship here,
Our mutual conquest bear,
And ever press toward the goal.
That knoweth not despair.

Then when our final course is run,
The judgment we pursue,
With thankful hearts and righteous deeds,
Our Maker to review.

FAITH

WERE all my hopes of future years
To pass from me this hour,
There's one I know, who rules above,
Controls these Earthly dowers.

If such would be my lot to share,
While here on Earth I stay,
A Gentile from the narrow path,
Would wander far away.

Oh, this great World of sin we know,
Once shone with light divine,
Did leave its splendor here and there
In hearts of all mankind.

This light we know is fading fast,
Receding hour by hour,
Until the time will come at last,
When we shall be no more.

He so planned, and did create,
These mortal souls of ours,
To sing and laugh, and walk and talk,
In one hundred forty-four short hours.

To see and hear, smell, feel and taste,
Majestic power sublime
Comes reaching forth, from sea and land,
In creatures called mankind.

In tumult man on earth exists,
Why not obey His call?
The author here, would gladly give
His life, if that were all.

The goal, that bright and higher realm,
That man should strive to see,
Can only come by faith in Him,
Who died on Calvary.



JEHOVAH

O JEHOVAH, precious light,
Ever keep us in thy sight;
Guide us while on earth below,
As we journey to and fro.
Keep us in the narrow path,
While our pilgrimage doth last,
May we keep the laws of old
As the precept of our goal.
May the bright and morning star,
Lead the way for King and Czar.

PART II.

O Jehovah, precious light,
May He rule whose way is right,
Spare us from disgrace and shame,
Help us bear an honest name.
May Thy spirit ever be,
Dwelling constant, Lord, with me,
Might our patience be like Job's,
As we travel dreary roads.
Scatter o'er the sands of time,
Words and glowing thoughts of rhyme.
Help us Christian lives to lead,
With the unsaved daily plead,
God will brighten then our path,
While on earth our days shall last.

PART III.

O Jehovah, thou art King,
Might we talents to thee bring?
Honored all and rich in store,
Teach thy laws for evermore,
Lifting up the fallen race.
In all seasons, time and place,
May our prayers unite with yours?
Bringing peace to Europe's powers,
Bloody wars shall be no more,
God will bless the rich and poor.
Then the Protestant and priest,
Will assemble all in peace.



AVALON, SANTA CATALINA, CALIFORNIA

THE HEART'S LAMENT

'MID the vales and rolling uplands,
Near Virginia's lofty peaks,
Where the sun's rays are so strengthening,
And the zephyrs seem to speak,

There's one little blue-eyed maiden,
One whose voice I long to hear
Tell me of her love and friendship,
For her stories are most dear.

My body's worn and weary,
'Mid the tumult in the West;
My thoughts revert to friendship
For the one that I love best.

What can I do but linger
Near the fancy that I bear?
And today my heart is lonely,
World is dreary everywhere.

Oh, my friend, May's mother,
Speak to father, let him know;
Took me in her arms and loved me
Just before she let me go.

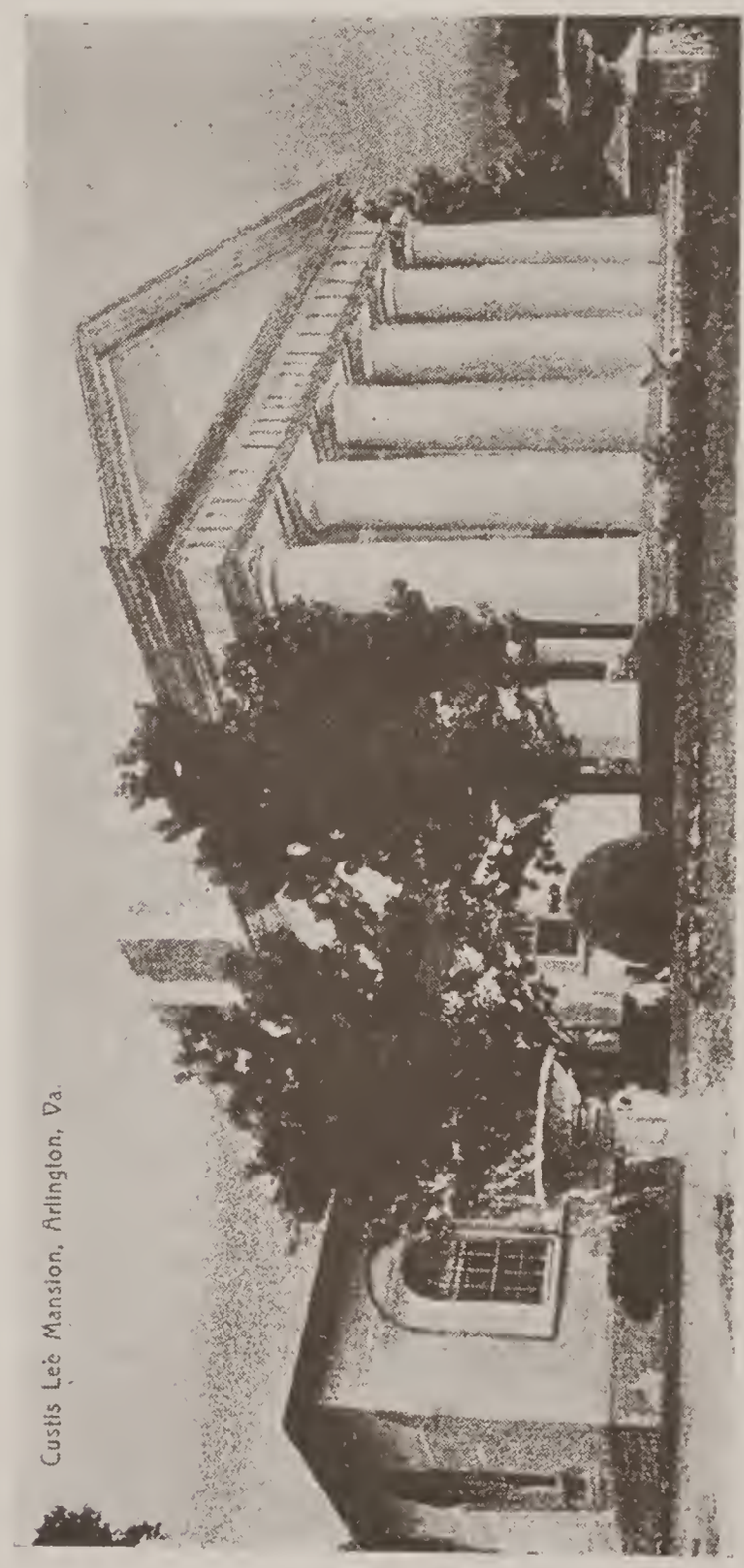
Tell me if you love me, dearie,
Tell me if your heart beats true.
Tell me if you'll love me ever,
If that same love cares for you.

Made me promise come to see her,
And I told her I'd see you;
That she was my blue-eyed sweetheart;
May's dear mother, this is true.

Now my heart cries out, Virginia,
Near the vale of Shenandoah.
Lives there the dearest maiden;
It is there I want to go.

Her tresses groomed and shining,
Black as raven's autumn coat,
Make me long for her caresses
And the love notes that she wrote.

Now I'm fallen by the wayside,
In a dreary, lonely land;
And my heart each day doth beckon,
Virginia's blue-eyed maiden's hand.



Custis Lee Mansion, Arlington, Va.

I'll live to see that season,
By sages long foretold,
The people rule by reason,
And not by warriors bold.

COMMUNION

I LIVE for those who know me,
For those I know are true,
For the mansion far above me
That awaits my spirit too.

For my human friendship binds me,
For the work my Master gives me,
For the inscription left behind me,
And the good that it shall do.

I've lived to know the sorrow
For friends who did forsake;
To emulate their story
A righteous heart would ache.

The wise men and the sages,
Whose rules have lived through ages,
And still incomplete the pages
Of this small book I make.

I live to hold reunion
With fellowship divine;
I know there is communion
Between God's heart and mine.

To suffer great affliction,
Reap truth from holy scripture,
I must confess conviction—
It is God's grand design.

I'll live to see that season,
By sages long foretold,
The people rule by reason,
And not by warriors bold.

When we with God united,
The wrongs of all are righted,
Then man's heart will be lighted,
Like Moses' was of old.





THE MOON'S BRIGHT RAYS FOR MANY HOURS

NIGHT

INTO the rush of night where darkness dwells,
The landscapes of the hills and vales have flown,
With but the stars to watch and secrets tell,
As sentinels are all arranged so well,
Their language authors never tried to spell.
Phantoms of the day fade with the night's advance,
All moving things like ghosts that haunt the light,
Unprofitable splendor and the display,
The cares, agitations that ofttimes prey
Upon our hearts in such a singular way,
Leave our body and soul with night's repose.
Better sight of a future life begins,
The world no more obstructs our future path,
Our records now are clean while sleep doth last,
From commonplace history of our lives
Like palimpsest tatooed, defaced and worn,
The night is gone and left our hearts reformed.
With all incidents trivial time and place,
The low and ideal and hidden beneath revives,
And slowly fades the night's most dreadful gloom
To all who love the day, and God don't know,
The majesty of God's own will divine
has come,
That man and beast both free and bond might rest
sublime.
The night alone is kind.

The demons of the dungeons' art
Present themselves to us at dark,
And fill our hearts with fear and dread,
With notions running through our head.

The moon's bright rays for many hours,
That shine from its most lofty towers;
Oh, what can be its mission there,
So often in the hour of prayer?

The stars so brightly shining, too,
Revert my thoughts, dear Lord, to you.
Ah, what a power and what a mind
To make a world like this so fine!

With nights to rest our tired toes,
Our finger-tips and press our clothes,
To rest our tongues and ears and eyes,
To rest our brains, will make us wise.

And when the darkest night is past,
And God has crowned our lives at last,
Give Him the praise and glory, too—
He made the night, my friend, for you.



While **you read in God I'll** trust,
My first volume will not rust,
Uniform, congenial pride,
Those who buy are satisfied.

STUART BURTON

STUART BURTON, my good friend,
Hearts together we shall blend.
Ripen virtues as we spend,
Time and labor with our pen.

Your esteem for me today,
Makes December's work but play;
Flowing through these veins of mine.
Soul and spirit both in rhyme.

Stuart Burton, my good friend,
Letters from Virginia sends,
Tells me of his Christmastide,
And of those who since have died.

But a vision to me comes,
Like the honey bee it hums.
Her sweet smiling face so dear,
One who filled your heart with cheer.

Stuart Burton, my good friend,
All through life we'll each defend;
Firesides' bright celestial glow,
Side by side through life we'll go.

Like the merry birds of spring,
Our old hearts will daily ring,
And with rapture loud and wild.
Playful like the little child.

Stuart Burton, my true friend,
Like two gooseberries on the stem;
Riffraff of this life we'll pass
Seeking naught but Heaven at last.

Records clear we must possess,
Give each other happiness.
Now for you I will propose,
Sweetheart's love and home's repose.

Stuart Burton, my true friend,
Shall I fill your glass again,
With the nectar Neptune gives,
Permits you and me to live?

In the future we'll prepare,
Make our lives a blessing there;
Sell these books to old and young,
Life for us has just begun.

Stuart Burton, my true friend,
Steed midsummer would you lend,
Through the Shenandoah we'd go,
Coining money, to and fro.

Life would be for us complete,
We could dress so clean and neat;
All the people would agree,
Book like this they never see.

Stuart Burton, my old friend,
Fellowship to you I'll send,
We might profit each alike,
In this volume I did write.

While you read in God I'll trust,
My first volume will not rust,
Uniform, congenial pride,
Those who buy are satisfied.

LIFE'S EXPERIENCE

I'VE traveled with all classes of people,
I've trodden the highways of strife,
And to tell what I learned on my journey
Is one of the pleasures of life.

I've met many a coward and brave one,
I've met with the halt and the blind,
I've plead with the ones who were ugly,
I have laughed with the ones who were kind.

With the sinful and grave I have listened
To stories and songs that were vile,
I have traveled with beauty and culture,
With those that I loved for awhile.

When at last by a freak of their nature,
All bonds of their virtue and trust
Soon had crumbled like glass that is broken,
The heart that is stilled by a thrust.

I have laughed with the ones who were happy,
When smiles were all over their face.
I have wept with the ones who were crying
For sins that were known to our race.

There's one thing I have learned on my travels
While passing the highways of life,
Do not judge by the outward appearance,
The virtue of those may be rife.

There are eyes, as we see them seem speaking,
Oh, could we but hear what they say,
All the deeds of the vile and the sinful,
Would vanish from night into day.

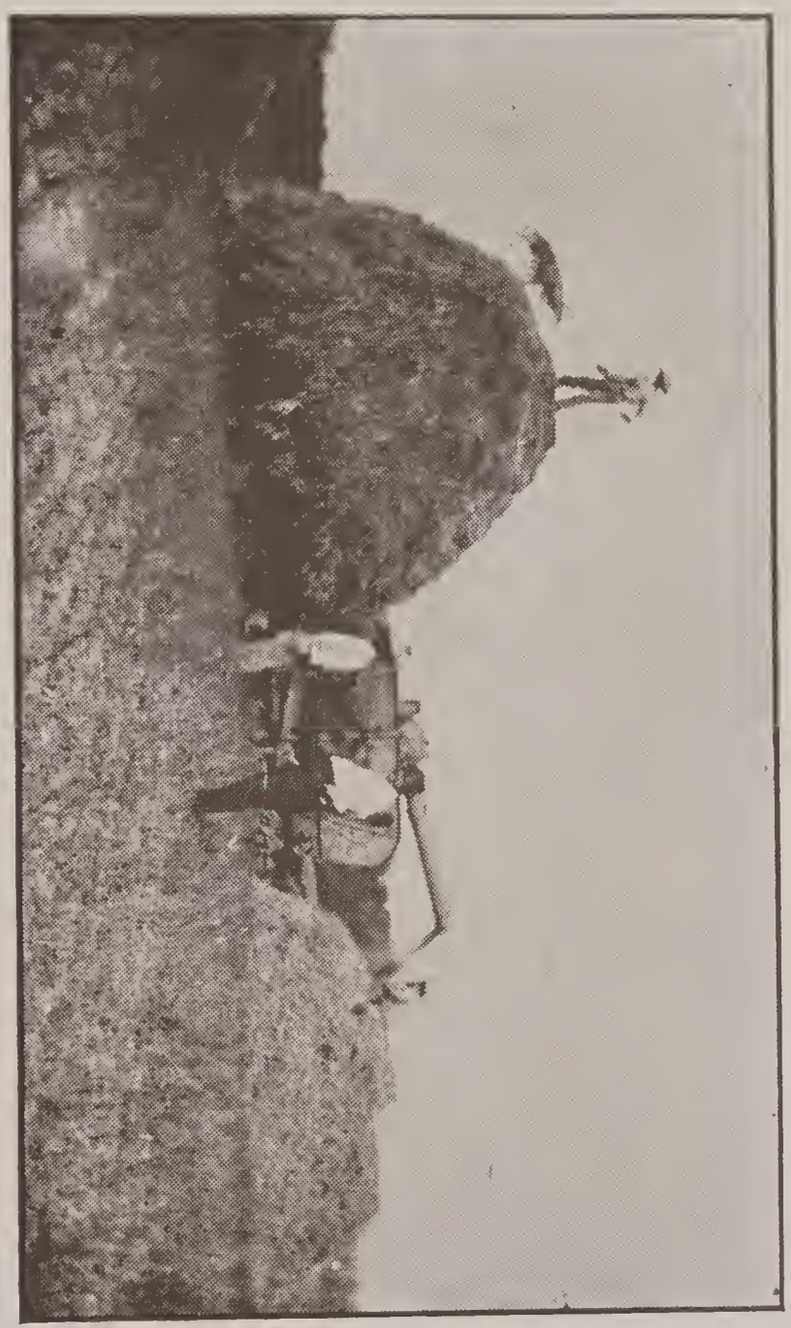
The face that's now sanctimonious,
Ofttimes hides the heart that is vile,
We should pray for a total salvation
And conquer the life that's worth while.

While the heart in its deep hidden chambers,
Will vanish the evil and sad,
Holy Spirit and Jesus, our Saviour,
Will enter to keep out the bad.

I've traveled with all classes of people,
For me, let me choose as I will,
When a journey I take in the mountains,
A man who has God with him still.



Photograph taken at George Washington's
Home at Mt. Vernon, showing flag
pole where one was originally
erected by the "Father of
our Country"
1776



The farming profession has many wonders when systematically revealed



POTOMAC RIVER

BIBLE REHEARSAL

GENESIS is a history
Of this world's early days.
The author we should learn to know,
Observe with greatest praise.

Exodus is the second book
This Holy man did write.
His laws were pure and undefiled,
There're Ten that shine so bright.

Leviticus is the third book,
That we must stop and read;
For the burnt things of this world fall,
Like flocks and fowl and weed.

Numbers doth record the fourth book,
All people here below,
The Levites were a chosen tribe,
God gave the order so.

Deuteronomy is the fifth book
This ancient author gives;
Teaches us to know in this world,
Exactly how to live.

Joshua records the sixth book,
Our God's appointed man,
To succeed the one before him,
In that most holy land.

Judges recalls the seventh book,
Of this world's awful woe,
When lives were lost and blood was shed—
They loved Jehovah so.

Ruth, the eighth book, we're glad to read;
The author makes it plain,
That women in those ancient days—
God blessed their holy name.

Samuel, first book, makes number nine;
Though he once was but a babe,
Soon a king he grew to be, and
Israel's judgment made.

In Samuel, second book, number ten,
The Amalekite was slain,
His fate was marked upon Saul's brow,
While David racked in pain.

Kings, number one, the eleventh book,
Their third term now begin;
While David's old and much confined
Adonijah courage brings.

Kings, the second book, twelve in all,
Moab rebellion chose;
Elijah fire from Heaven brought,
That he might feel his woes.

Chronicles, first, the thirteenth book,
Genealogy in store
To the time our Saviour came,
And many years before.

Chronicles, second, fourteenth book,
Much strength and riches, too,
Possessed in one so wise and good—
From this our Masons grew.

Ezra brings out the fifteenth book,
A history all complete,
Of Persia's famed and loyal land,
With her biography neat.

Nehemiah, the sixteenth book,
The Bible doth contain,
A history of Jerusalem,
Of fire, and sin, and shame.

Esther, the seventeenth book we see,
This woman did reject
The wine and costly gowns to wear,
At Ahasuerus' request.

Job, eighteenth book we have in view;
His faith we find so firm,
This book now we should study up,
And see what we can learn.

Psalms, nineteenth book, we gladly bear,
Great David's psalms we sing,
While music charms the sinner's ear—
Let earth with voices ring.

Proverbs, twentieth book, relates,
To shun all sin and shame,
And always live in fear of God,
'Twas He, who suffered pain.

Ecclesiastes, twenty-one,
The preachers now should shout,
And bring the people back in form,
For Jesus He's left out.

Solomon's Song, book twenty-two,
The church her love confessed
For God who now sits on the throne,
And ever shall be blessed.

Isaiah, twenty-third book, inscribes
Judah's rebelling woes,
And rendered God persistent prayers
Of his tumultuous foes.

Jeremiah, twenty-fourth book,
The time had fully come
When this great saint was shown the rod
By our Almighty God.

Lamentations of Jeremiah,
Twenty-fifth book we scan,
Jerusalem's awful peril—
The Lord was in command.

Ezekiel, the twenty-sixth book,
His vision's glory reigns,
A judgment God gave Israel,
The prophet made it plain.

Daniel, the twenty-seventh book,
Our Maker's strength we find,
Came reaching forth, with quickening powers,
Subduing all mankind.

Hosea, twenty-eighth book we find,
God's judgment he construed.
As teacher in that wicked land,
A loyal course pursued.

Joel, twenty-ninth book, we read
God's judgment will be known.
He repineth and he fasteth,
And likewise he doth mourn.

Amos, with the thirtieth book,
Of God's revealing power,
Necessity of his judgment,
Increasing every hour.

Obadiah, the thirty-first book,
Edom's destruction grew;
In pride their sins had led them on,
With violence they pursue.

Jonah makes the thirty-second book,
To Tarshish he would go—
He faced a tempest on his way,
The sea was raging so.

Micah, thirty-third book in place;
Jacob, he promised aid,
If he would walk the narrow path,
That God Himself had made.

Nahum, thirty-fourth book we find,
The victorious armies fought—
The sin and peril of Nineveh,
Great God her ruin brought.

Habakkuk, thirty-fifth book,
His voice in trembling fell,
In fear of God's great majesty,
Who calmed the sea, "Be still."

Zephaniah, thirty-sixth book,
God judging Judah's fate;
A shining light might lead the way,
For Israel near the gate.

Haggai, thirty-seventh book we view,
The structures made of stone,
A greater joy to them would come—
The building of the throne.

Zechariah, thirty-eighth book,
In comfort Jerusalem stands,
A promise God has given her,
We know she understands.

Malachi, thirty-ninth book, the end,
Wonderful volume's done,
Of Israel's great unkindness,
Her profanity just begun.



FOREIGN PRODUCT

SPECIAL ARTICLE
URIC ACID

By DR. ROBERT WILSON BLAKESLEE

Oph.F., Oph.D., O.O.B., O.O.M.,
S.A.M., M.O.M., M.F., L.E.A.

I HAVE for the past thirteen years applied almost constant study to the research of uric acid and the disorders to which this article devotes special attention, for the edification of those interested in such thought and study, i. e., in the treatment of parasites of the ear, sometimes germinated in the auditory canal, causing aggravating inflammation of the part—most commonly secondary to eczema; also in polypi and in acute injuries of membrana-tympani (as in concussions from effects of condensed air, etc.), tonsilitis, follicular pharyngitis, and polypi of the nose, conjunctivitis, granulosa blennorrhoea catarrh, blepharitis marginalis, and granular-ophthalmia, all of which affected tissue becomes chronically diseased, and hearing and vision impaired.

I claim that it is electricity and not oxygen which purifies, filters and throws off venous blood from the anterior, middle and posterior cerebral arteries of the Circle of Willis, and to such an extent that at times the ears become clogged with excessive secretion, which, by its contained uric acid substance, dries readily in the open air, in the, external orifice (as well as dandruff of the scalp), and the muco-purulent secretions of the eyes, and thickened debris, or scaly deposits at the roots of the eye-lashes,

which I have long contended were cremated hairs. The same agitate folliculitis, or inflammation of the follicle in which the eye-lash sets. The uric acid, and calcareous mucilaginous deposits incapsulate the entire root or cuticle, sufficient in time to prevent all nutrition from adjacent tissues, arterial and venous supplies from reaching the small, delicate and spindle-shaped glands, which are situated at the apex of the cuticle for the purpose of imbibing nutritive elements for retaining the healthy eye-lash, beard and scalp surface.

1. "In disease micrococcus, for example:

In this group the cells range in different species from .5 to 2 m. in diameter, but most measure about 1 m. Before division they may increase in size in all directions.

The species are usually classified according to the method of division. If the cells divide only in one axis and through the consistency of their envelopes remain attached then a chain of cocci will be formed. A species in which this occurs is known as "streptococcus." If division takes place irregularly the resultant mass may be compared to a bunch of grapes, and the species is often called a "staphylococcus." Division may take place in two axes at right angles to one another, in which case cocci adherent to each other in packets of four (called tetrades), or sixteen, may be found, the former number being more frequent. To all these forms the word nucroccus is generally applied. The individuals in a growth of micrococci often show a tendency to remain united in twos. These are spoken of as "diplococci," but this is not a distinctive character, since every coccus, as a result of division, becomes a diplococcus, though in some species the tendency to remain in pairs is well marked.

The adhesion of cocci to one another depends on the character of the capsule.

Often this has a well-marked outer limit, sometimes it is of great extent, its diameter being many times greater

than that of the coccus. It is especially among the streptococci and staphylococci that the phenomenon of the formation of arthrospores is said to occur.

In none of the cocci have endogenous spores been certainly observed. The number of species of the streptococci and staphylococci probably exceeds 150. Besides these there are cocci which divide in three axes at right angles to one another. These are referred to as "sarcinæ."

If the cells are lying singly they are round, but usually they are seen in cubes of eight, with the sides which are in contact slightly flattened. Large numbers of such cubes may be lying together. The sarcinæ are, as a rule, rather larger than the other members of the group. Most of the cocci are non-motile, but a few motile species possessing flagella have been described.

2. Baccilli.—These consist of long or short cylindrical cells, with rounded or sharply rectangular ends, usually not more than 1 m. broad, but varying very greatly in length. They may be motile or non-motile. Where flagella occur these may be distributed all around the organism, or only at one or both of the poles. Several species are provided with sharply marked capsules. In many species endogenous sporulation occurs. The spores may be central or terminal, round or oval or spindle-shaped.

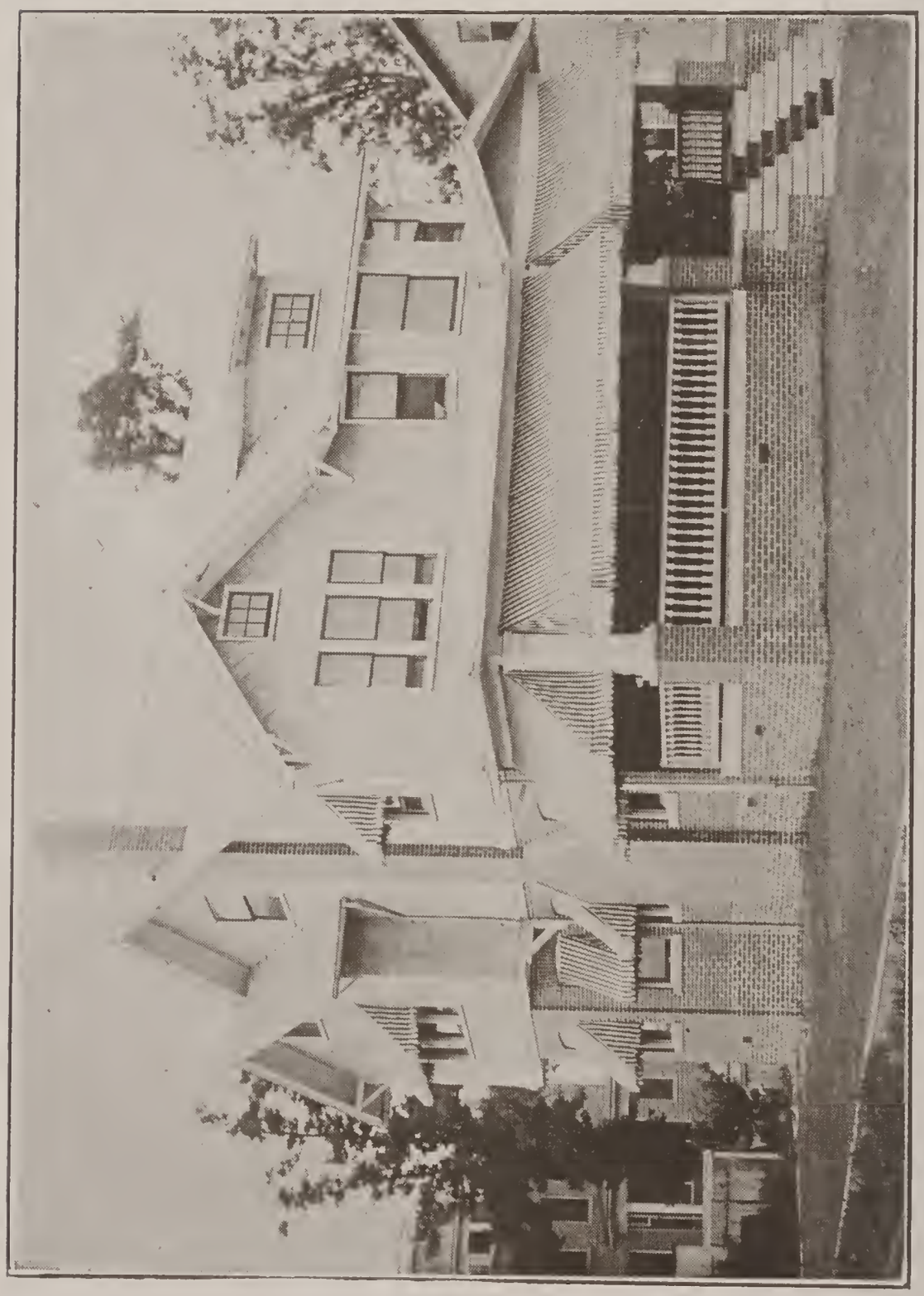
3. Spirilla.—These consist in cylindrical cells more or less spiral and wavy; there are two main types. In one, there is a long non-septate, usually slender, wavy or spiral thread. In the other, the unit is a short, curved rod. When two or more of the latter occur, as they often do, end to end, with their curves alternating, then a wavy or spiral thread results. This latter type is of much more frequent occurrence, and contains the more important species. Most of the motile spirilla, however, possess flagella. Of the latter, there may be one or two or a bunch, containing as many as twenty, at one or both poles. Division takes place as among the bacilli, and, in some species, endogenous sporulation has been observed.

No oxygen passes through the membrane of the nasal cavities, post nasal and infundibulum cavities, into the blood streams, lateral and superior to these cavities. It is also true that the air cells secrete carbon.

The action which takes place during sneezing, blowing of the nose and crying, as in epiphora or lachrymation, is *electrical.* The nitrogen and oxygen of the air, coming in contact with secretive carbon mucocele, cause combustion, which generates electrical currents. These pass through the membrane of the air cells into the blood, from venous to arterial (also causing the rhythmic action of the heart), thus showing that the air cells secrete carbon, and that this function is one of the important essences of life.

The action of *uric acid,* however, impairs the secretive carbon which generates electrical currents, thereby producing eye, ear, nose and throat diseases, due to an impaired electrical transmitter between the arterial and venous tracts, which must communicate in order that a healthy capillary circulation be maintained. The theory advocated here is, that oxygen of the system comes from the food we eat and the water we drink, and must be refined by the process of digestion before it can be made in solution to enter the blood.

A certain percentage of atmospheric oxygen is consumed by means of the chemical action taking place in the air cavities during healthy breathing. The refuse of this process is exhaled as carbon dioxide and various mucilaginous secretions, which show up externally as "blackheads" in the skin, most commonly of the nose, and orifices external to the ear, eye and throat. Further experiments show that the resistance of the human system is so much greater than the pressure of the atmosphere (making a high altitude preferable for invalids), that it would be impossible for gas to be generated under such conditions. Other experiments show that venous blood can be changed in color (e. g., like that of arterial) by the use of galvanic electricity.



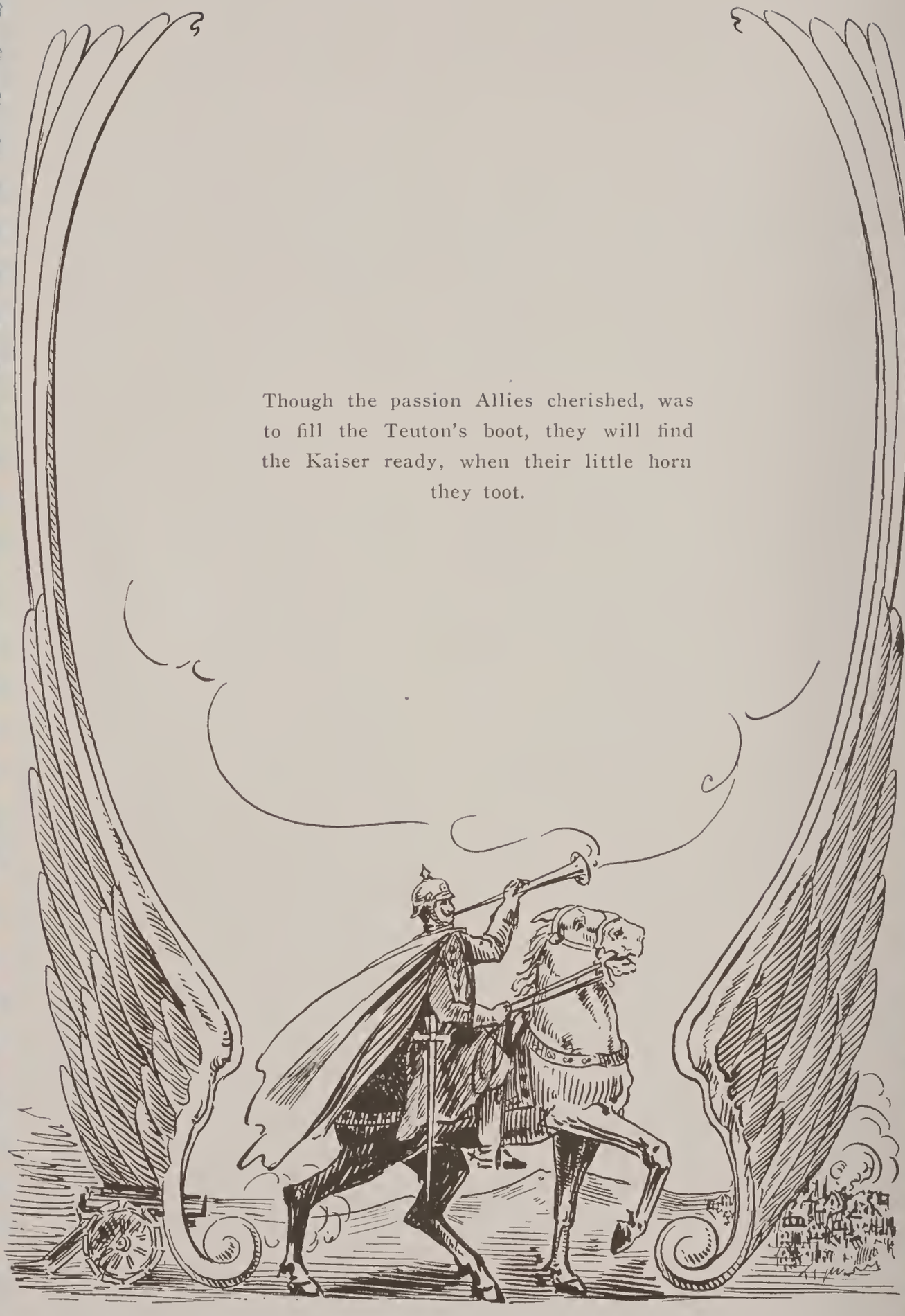
VIRGINIA HOME, WHERE A NUMBER OF THESE POEMS WERE COMPOSED

The Author

enjoys life best when

composing.

Though the passion Allies cherished, was to fill the Teuton's boot, they will find the Kaiser ready, when their little horn they toot.



WHEN THE KAISER'S HORN DID TOOT

I have read of Roman triumphs, in the days when Rome played ball, but today lays stunned and bleeding, from an earthquake's dreadful call. When victorious Roman generals were to march their legions straight, right across the German Empire, to the British channel gate, for to conquer there the Kaiser and to make him pay the freight. For the Kaiser runs an Empire, and on their trail he'd be too late, so the Frenchmen wrote the Czar, sir, and the Czar, sir, wrote the Pope: "If the Allies whip the Kaiser, you will have to help us out." But the Pope said he was neutral, but he'd see what he could do, so he wrote a letter back, sir, that to me seemed rather blue. Roumania will march one million soldiers for immediate relief. Marble hearts and frozen shoulders turned their generals to their chief. So the Allies hailed their master with a rapture past belief. What though France lay stunned and bleeding, she arose and got too gay, for the Germans lay there watching; soon the dickens was to pay. Though the passion Allies cherished was to fill the Teuton's boot, they will find the Kaiser ready, when their little horn they toot.

Though he'd slain unnumbered soldiers, and returned to slay some more, the Germans stood there ready to pour forth their utmost gore. So they bade the Kaiser ready, whooped and roared in sheer delight, on their knees they begged, implored him to pull off another fight; for the British were the demons that had caused the bloody strife—thus they cried and laughed and shouted as if "jagged"—it was a sight. But the passion that they cherished lingered, for old Johnnie's swell galoot. As the weather now reached zero, when the Kaiser's horn did toot. I have read of Queen Victoria and her Diamond Jubilee; of King Edward, who was handsome; of King George, who now we see. Long and glittering was their procession, beat the Ringling's best to death; when at Antwerp they were beaten, all of Europe held their breath. Troops of white and black and yellow, regiments from north and south. all the glory of Great Britain, pomped until they had the gout. simply lay in trenches waiting for to starve the Germans out. Though the passion Allies cherished was to fill the Teuton's boot. they will find the Kaiser ready, when their little horn they toot.

Russians also cut a figure when they crowned the reigning Czar, but their troops, when they had started, found Berlin was much too far. They had bugles, balls, and fireworks; their brass bands and cannon roared. But the Germans lay in Poland, and they let them keep their pace, till the tall and grizzly monster showed its wild and woolly face. Add the Russians' show to England, take the paralyzing pair, put the King and Czar together, add the Frenchman and the Jap, and they'll find the Germans ready when they want another scrap. But the Frenchman, he was angry, so he parleyed round about, for he was afraid to enter, and to stand and fight it out. Paint a picture that will please you, yoke the Lion and the Bear, and you'll have a museum started, that will be most rich and rare. Europe had some mighty armies, some great generals, off and on, just about the very biggest that the sun e'er shone upon. Though the passion Allies cherished was to fill the Teuton's boot, they will find the Kaiser ready, when their little horn they toot.

Germany has had many triumphs, some ovations off and on, just a little bit the biggest, when the Kaiser calls Teutons. For the Kaiser made his speeches, said the war he did not want, but the Belgian King got angry, so he took him a flop. Germans demonstrated power, when the Teutons took the spot. When Luettichs' mighty fortress fell, and her falling's not forgot—thus to Tirlemont, Namur, Maubeuge, Lille, and Brussels wrought. After resting there a season, Antwerp's noisy fortress got. Oh, the mighty roar of thousands, when Antwerp the Kaiser smote. All the people fled to England, some there were who left their coats, as the Germans took the city, and its fallen structures built. Oh the fury of the frenzy, British Lion and Russian Bear, while the two are yoked together, envy much the Kaiser there. Some there were who leaped the trenches, some who tried to take their dead, others tried to burn the city, more who tried to wake the dead Though the passion Allies cherished, was to fill the Teuton's boot, they will find the Kaiser ready, when their little horn they toot.

'Twas a record-breaking rouser, and their war won't be forgot. Nine billion dollars wasted, ere this poem was begot. 'Twas the screaming of the eagle, as he never screamed before; 'twas the crashing of the thunder, mingled with the cannon's roar. While the purring of the Zeppelin, with the Kaiser set the pace, they have left the Allies haunted by a slamming big disgrace. Dancing up and down the sideways, o'er the British Isles they roam, dreaming of their great misfortunes, soldiers' lives, and Kaiser's throne, of earth's great armoured struggles, 'twas the champion heavyweight, 'tis the champion forever and a day, I calculate, for it knocked out all its rivals, and undaunted, resolute, punched Creation's solar plexus when the Kaiser's horn did toot.

FORGET-ME-NOT

FORGET me not my worthy friend,
When this book you've read through.
I hope that what I've written here,
Will be of use to you.

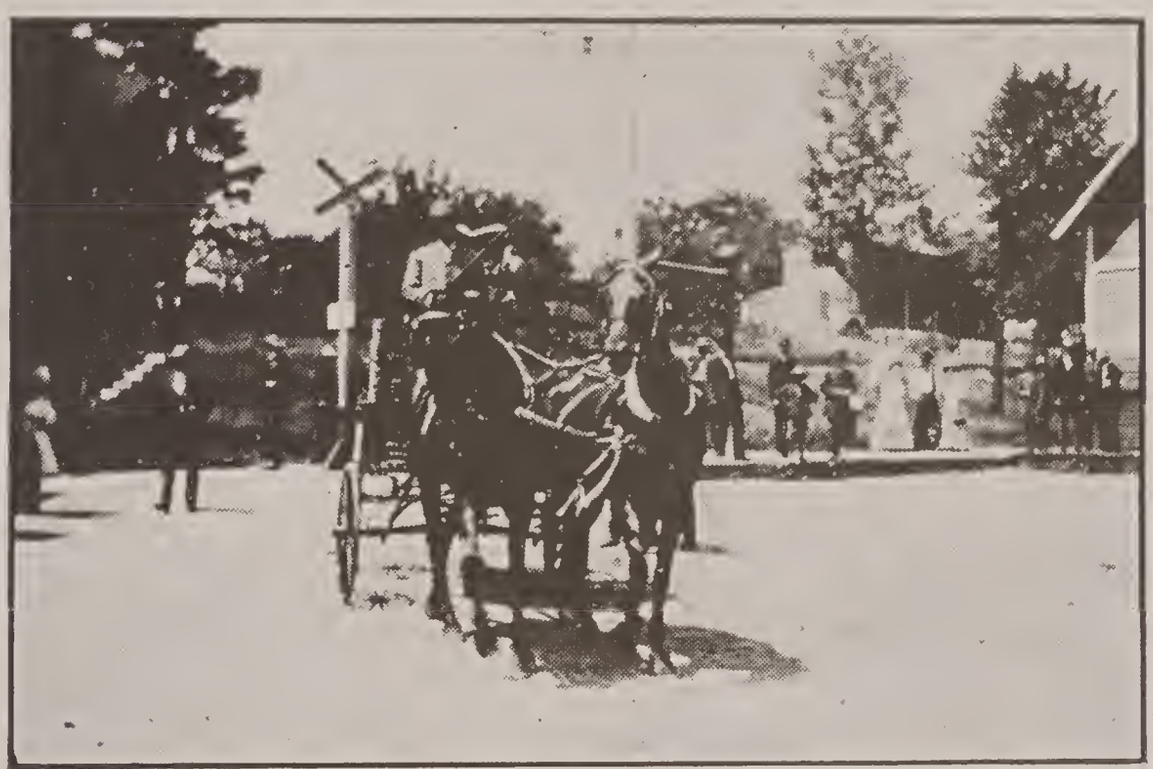
Forget me not, my worthy friend,
These poems may bring you cheer,
And brighten up your future path,
Through each succeeding year.

Forget me not, my worthy friend,
First, find the key or note,
Then watch the punctuation mark,
And read all that I wrote.

Forget me not, my worthy friend,
For you I do adore.
I have traversed this globe of ours,
For forty years or more.

Forget me not, my worthy friend,
This volume I will close,
Be it God's will I should write,
Another I'll propose.

FINIS



THE DEPARTURE

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

TO ALL I extend a hearty and sincere wish that this may be a Prosperous and Happy New Year.



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